COMMUNISM
EALLY FOLDING UP?
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CDC

JULY 27, 1965

NATIONAL REVIEW

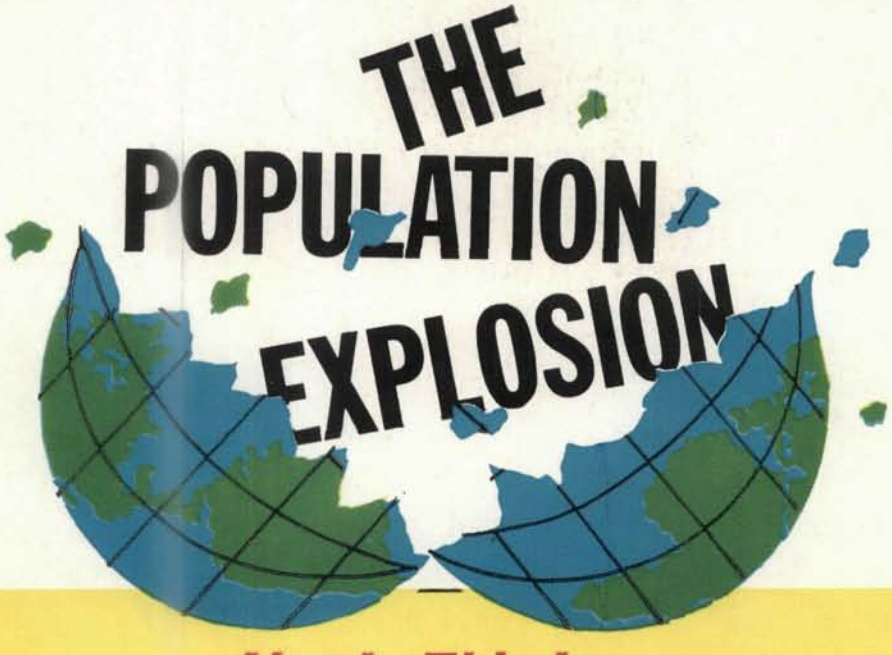
A Journal of Fact and Opinion

THE AVALANCHE by Theodore Sturgeon

IT WILL KILL ASIA FIRST by Pyrrho

HOW TO STOP IT by Dr. Alan Guttmacher

A CATHOLIC LANDFALL? by Garry Wills



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RUS ELL KIRK WITH A WORD TO THE WISE FOR TOURISTS ♦
LAMM & KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN ON TWO GERMAN DILEMMAS ♦
ENNER ON THE SPY NOVEL CULT ♦ ALSO BURNHAM, BUCKLEY

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We contemplate the spectacle, made real by the science of demographic projection, of a human tribe increasing beyond all power of the planet to sustain. A horror story, in short, of our collective future and by no means idle fantasy—certainly not for the millions of Asians who already suffer, nutritionally, socially, politically, the evil effects of overpopulation—it is perhaps most vividly related by the poets of science fiction, of whom **Theodore Sturgeon** is one, and one of the best. Beginning on p. 634, Mr. Sturgeon looks the problem over, blanching the while but taking as a good sign our rising awareness. . . . **Pyrrho,** who is by profession a Washington political and economic consultant to both governmental commissions and private foundations, gives a brilliant account of the wet rice culture on which Asian peoples have long survived and which may now have reached its terminal crisis. . . . **Alan F. Guttmacher,** M.D., president of Planned Parenthood-World Population and author of *The Complete Book of Birth Control,* knows what is known of various birth control techniques in use throughout the world. . . . What Catholics Think, or Think They Think, is going to have to be everybody's business, concludes (not at all regretfully) **Garry Wills,** who, besides teaching in the Classics Department at Johns Hopkins, syndicates a column, "Old and New," in the Catholic press.

➔ Writing from Wonderland, **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** and **William S. Schlamm** tell of a West Germany buffeted, as elections near, by de Gaulle on the one hand and Ulbricht on the other. . . . **James Burnham** assumes for a moment that Kennan, Morgenthau, and Lippmann are right, but it won't work even for the sake of argument. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** frowns on Ray Bliss' attempt to purge the Republican Party of the Republican Party. . . . **Russell Kirk,** who is abroad at the moment, advises Americans going abroad to avoid other Americans, to take their time and count their change, but above all, to go. . . . The perennial **W. H. von Dreele,** an amateur horticulturist, adds two of his finest specimens to *NR's* garden of verses.

➔ **Hugh Kenner** twirls the drugstore bookracks, spies out John Le Carré's best-seller (75 beans), and comes away numb. Professor Kenner is teaching this summer at Buffalo University and working on his forthcoming *The Age of Pound.* . . . **Mario Lazo,** one of Cuba's top-ranking attorneys Before Castro, reviews Theodore Draper's new book with pleasure. . . . Duerrenmatt, O'Connor and Grass come under the scrutiny of the protean **Guy Davenport,** who has lately edited *The Intelligence of Louis Agassiz* (Beacon, 1965) and will soon bring forth a translation of Sappho. . . . We were quick to bury our late cultural embarrassment, the Lincoln Center repertory theater, but not quick enough for **Nathan Cohen,** dean of Canadian drama critics, who treats the sore thing to a rap of his silver-headed cane. ➔

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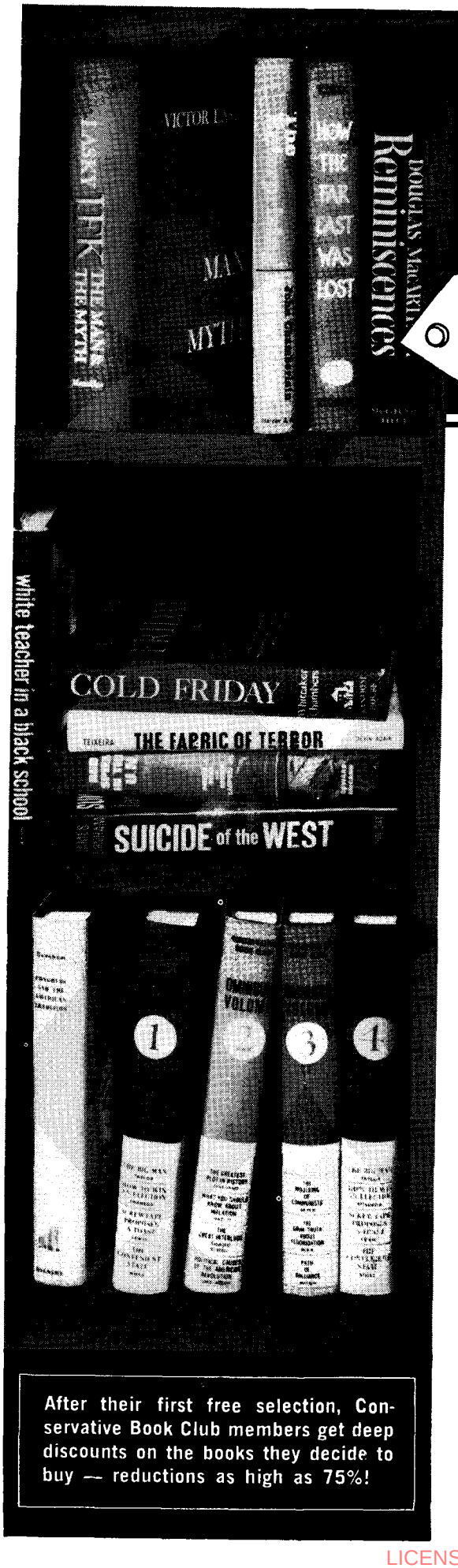
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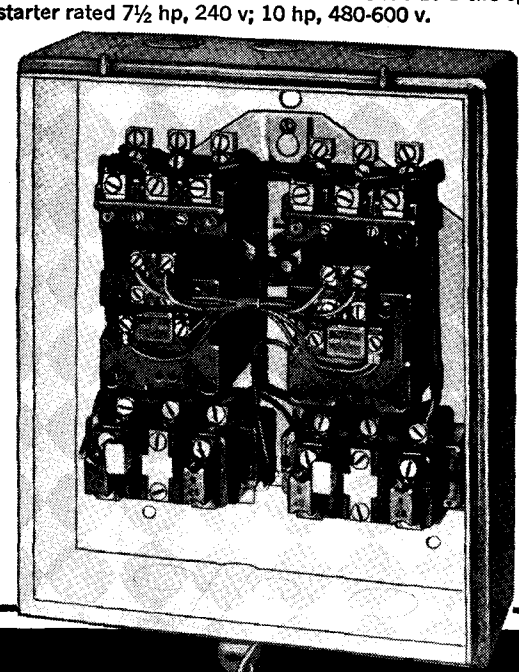

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TO THE EDITOR

Thin Fare

Your game of "World's Thinnest Books" [Cato, July 13] is great! How about "Who's Who at the UN"; "Loyalty" by Ray Bliss; "How to Buy Popularity" by Nelson Rockefeller; "Inside John Lindsay"; "What I Will Do as Mayor" by WFB, and "How to Rise in the Raj" by Gunga Din.

New York, N.Y. ROBERT M. PATRICK

Lindsay's Progress

Lindsay's league is too fast for you, *NR*. Before he donned that yarmulka [June 29] he had already splashed down on the dais of a St. Columba Society dinner reception for the African Cardinal Rugambwa. And he had been running too hard to stop for an invitation, I'm told.

Brooklyn, N.Y. JOAN BENHAM

GOP and JBS

Thank you for the article on Wolff *vs.* Derounian [June 29]. Keep documenting this McCarthyism-in-reverse-doubled-in-spades that is going on.

Minneapolis, Minn. RON KENNEDY

"How to Beat a Good Congressman" [June 29] was an excellent case history of the liability the John Birch Society poses to the Republican Party, no matter how remote the connection. But trusting the Fair Campaign Practices Committee to Right Mr. Wolff's Left, if I may pun a bit, is tantamount to sending Wayne Morse to Vietnam to direct the U.S. military effort there.

Mr. Freeman concedes that the "political problem" posed by the John Birch Society is "acute." In doing so, I think he answers his concluding questions. I see no alternative to responsible Republican conservatives than outright repudiation of Robert Welch, the John Birch Society and, if need be, "every single member of the Society, as one would denounce every member of the Ku Klux Klan."

Arlington, Va. JOHN R. MOREAU

Kudos for Kreuttner

The intelligence and insight of your political cartoonist, John D. Kreuttner, are wondrous to behold! Is there at present any way to purchase reprints of his work? Kreuttner deserves maximum recognition.

MRS. SHELLY B. PFEIFFER

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

For reprints see p. 657. —ED.

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Pro-Latin

In his communication ["To the Editor," June 29] Brother Venard, C.F.X. is far off base in his insinuation that we "Latinists" oppose the use of the vernacular liturgy. We fully realize its necessity in mission territories and that others welcome its use. We merely ask that those of us whose roots, native or adopted, are in the Western European Latin culture be allowed the choice between attending a Latin or a vernacular Mass.

Lexington, K. R. M. LONGYEAR

Meyer on Lincoln

As a fellow conservative and *NR* subscriber (incidentally, this is the first letter to the editor I've sent), *and* an admirer of Lincoln, I must vigorously protest Mr. Frank S. Meyer's remarks in reviewing Mr. Sprague's book, *Freedom Under Lincoln* [June 15] (which, I gather, is an unfavorable assessment of the Lincoln war policies).

Granted, President Lincoln was authoritarian, but his suspension of civil liberties was necessary as a means of unifying the North (and, in doing so, preventing defections) in order to prosecute the war more effectively for the Union cause. President Wilson followed the same procedure during World War I; so did Diem to more effectively combat the Communist-inspired war in his nation (ditto with Dr. Syngman Rhee in South Korea). As far as I know, Mr. Meyer had no objection to the actions of Messrs. Rhee and Diem. Perhaps he objected in Lincoln's case because Mr. Meyer is possibly a Confederate sympa-

(Continued on p. 661)

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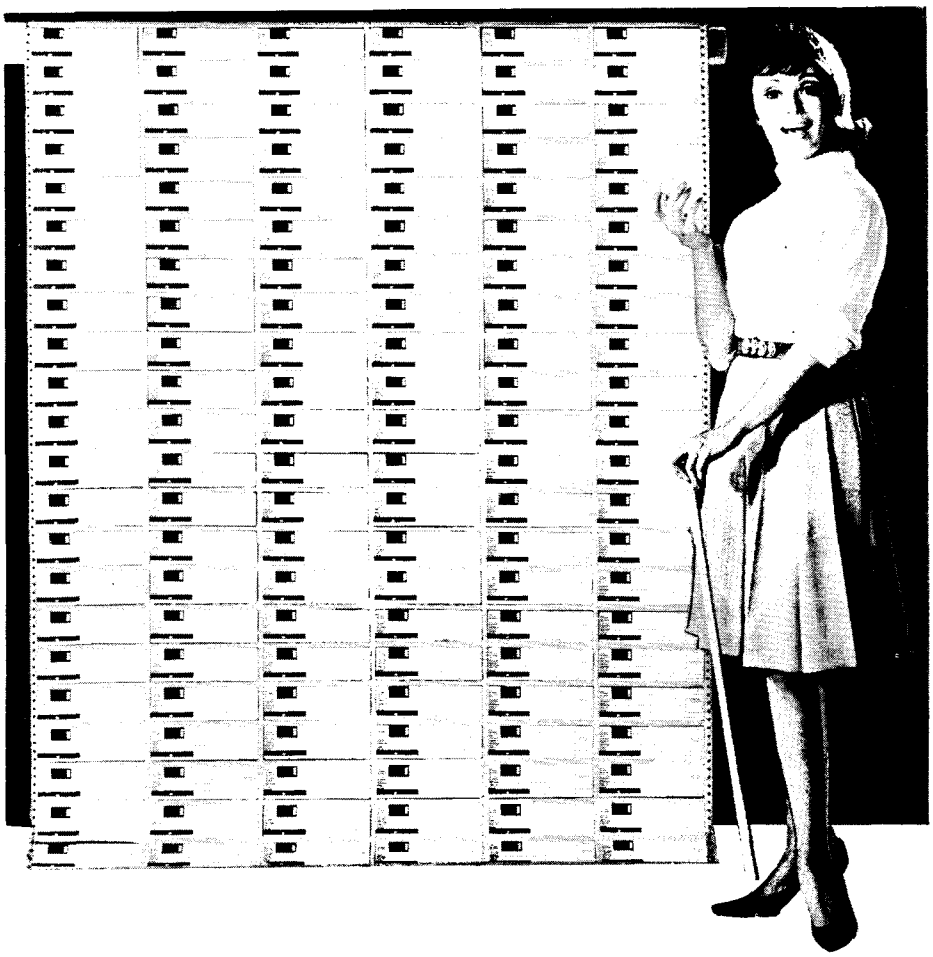

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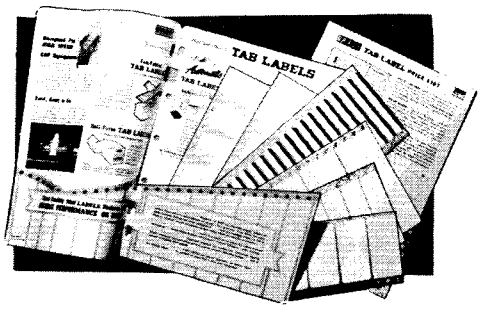

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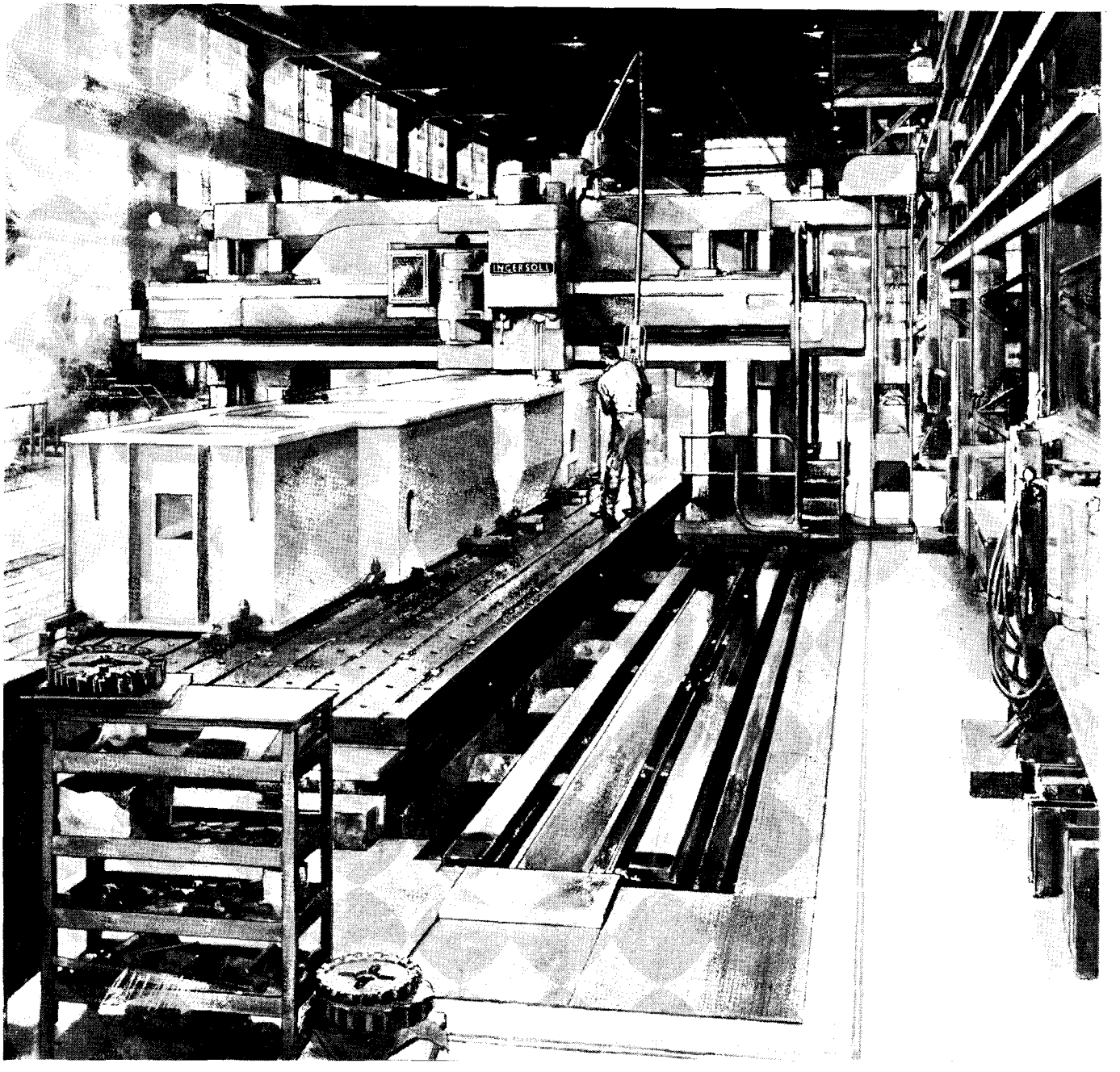

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The WEEK

● Now that we've had a nice close look at the tuberosities of the planet Mars, let's get back once again to the main question. Is there intelligent life on earth?

● At the end of the Washington fiscal year July 1964-June 30, 1965 we were informed of the fiscal triumph, namely that the deficit had been "only" $3.5 billion. Simultaneously, the newspapers published Treasury statements showing that the outstanding federal debt had risen more than $7 billion in the exact same period. Is there a Republican in the house?

● Theodore White reports that when Lyndon Johnson took office Kennedy Presidential aide Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. reported, as requested, for duty. Hands were shaken, cordialities exchanged, commitments expressed, and Schlesinger did not thereafter look on Lyndon's face again. After three months of this he resigned to write *A Thousand Days* (rise, O Pulitzer Prize committee) and blow the gaff on Johnson. According to historian Schlesinger, John F. Kennedy did not choose LBJ as his running mate in 1960. "'I didn't offer the Vice Presidency to him . . . I just held it out like this'—here he simulated taking an object out of his pocket and holding it close to his body—'and he grabbed at it.'" Thus the King of the Jungle to the ratcatcher. Schlesinger, who did not always look on JFK as a man after his own intellect, spends many of his commemorative pages pushing Kennedy's brainpower to new Apollonian heights: the Kennedy mind, he writes, was "roving, direct, open, independent, impatient objective, critical, practical, ironic, skeptical, unfettered and insatiable." Just the qualities, one can't help but conclude, to cherish in Presidential aides, assuming the President is too dull to possess them himself.

● Prof. Raymond Saulnier, who was Eisenhower's chief economist, and who is widely respected for a level head, gave a speech on June 24 in which he prophesied, in as many words, that stock prices are going to go up. "I expect to see us settle down to a more sedate pace," said Prof. Saulnier. "If this is the way our economy goes, as I expect it will, then the stock market is currently underestimating the strength and the growth capabilities of the American economy, and that is precisely what I think it is doing."

● Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler has issued a call for reform of the international monetary system. What he *really* wants is a system that will allow the U.S. to continue with its immense expansion of bank credits while the dollar, in foreign trade, holds as steady as a rock. He wants, therefore, an impossibility. This is what the foreign bankers told former Treasury Secretary Dillon for four years, and it is what they will tell Mr. Fowler at the coming international monetary conference. Alas, Mr. Fowler will go to that conference primed with the recommendations of his committee of experts, headed by the same Douglas Dillon.

● KOOKY-CRUMBLING DEPARTMENT. In Texas, reporters Evans and Novak report, "Goldwater fanatics," who are the "extremists," are losing ground to "Goldwater Republicans," who are the "conservatives." For instance in Harris County, where Senator John Tower and State Chairman Peter O'Donnell, as conservatives, carried the day against the extremists by electing James Mayor as County Chairman. Yesterday, Tower and O'Donnell were extremists: today they are conservatives. Tomorrow, who knows, so might Evans and Novak be.

● Soviet ships are regularly delivering supplies in North Vietnam. They sail from Black Sea ports supposedly for Latin America, and are ordered to change course after they have entered the Mediterranean. The sailors, having heard much of American bombings, are reported by a Communist source to take a dim view of the Haiphong run, asking whether they are to be "turned into fishfood for the sake of a few Vietnamese."

● *Note for Captive Nations Week, July 18, 1965:* This reply from Dr. Ladislav Radimsky, former Czech representative to the United Nations, and political exile, upon learning that President Novotny had offered him amnesty for his crimes on condition that he return to Czechoslovakia before the end of the year. ". . . these questions come to mind: What were my crimes? What is the clemency I am promised actually worth? Did I take part in the brutalities of the Stalinist period? Did I steal and loot? Did I falsify national history? Did I perjure myself? Did I torture people in concentration camps? Did I deprive old people of their savings and young people of their future? Were these my crimes? . . . And what kind of clemency does Mr. Novotny offer me? A release from jail? No. Just the opposite: he intends to put me in prison. I call prison a territory surrounded by barbed wire and watched by guards

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. . . a territory which a man cannot freely leave. I call prison a territory where I cannot read or listen to what I wish and where even my thoughts are supposed to be subject to Party control. . . . A true exile should cherish the sentences from the glorious letter Dante wrote rejecting the chance of a dishonorable return to his beloved Florence: 'Can I not, anywhere, look into the face of the sun and at the stars? Can I not, under any sky, dream about eternal truth?' "

● Accustomed as we are to the disesteem in which most foreigners hold America's use of her power abroad, we trust we may be allowed the pleasure of quoting Henry Fairlie, British correspondent (the *Spectator,* the *Daily Telegraph*), in his article "A Cheer for American Imperialism" in the *New York Times Magazine,* July 11: "I . . . am prepared to celebrate the American empire and, in celebrating it, I believe I give voice to the inarticulate feelings of millions and millions of ordinary people of the world, where they have access to the truth. Where the Strategic Air Command is, where the Tactical Air Command is, where U.S. Marines may quickly be brought into action, where United States paratroops stand on the alert, where the American fleets plow the seas or ride, ready to strike, in their great bases, where the ultimate deterrent spreads its benign protection: there is peace—not certain, for only the foolish man looks for certainty—but at least more likely. If I sleep soundly in my bed at night, if I expect my children to be able to live peaceful and fruitful lives, it is because I count myself and them as citizens of the American empire." And thank *you,* Mr. Fairlie.

● World's Fattest Book: *The Encyclopedia of U. S. Government Benefits.* We kid you not. "From A to Z, in over 1,000 pages and 750 photographs, here is everything the Government offers . . . with over 5,000 services detailed. In minutes see how the Government can help You with: Your child's education —Your vacation home—Your business success—You name it! Deluxe Executive Edition thumb-notched for instant reference, $9.95." A splendid value, we say, a reference work, we say, that belongs in every FHA-insured, medicared-for, and socially secure home on the reservation. Look up, and live.

● The American Economic Foundation has uncovered and published the causes of the miracle of "socialist Sweden." It seems that free enterprise has infiltrated into 95 per cent of the forest industries, 62 per cent of iron mining; steelmaking 93 per cent, metalworking 98 per cent, electrical manufacturing 92 per cent, shipbuilding 99.8 per cent, shipping 99 per cent, chemical industries 99.2 per cent, construction 80 per cent, food 86 per cent, wholesaling 90 per cent, retailing 86 per cent, baking 94 per cent. The figures are available in greater detail from the (100 per cent nationalized) Swedish Information Service, New York City.

● "The Extremists" is a leaflet published by the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education (815 16th St. N.W., Washington, D.C.). It deserves attention because it is so reckless. It starts with the statement (concerning the Kennedy assassination), "Hate strikes in Dallas." This is supported by photos of two pieces of right-wing literature, but no pictures at all of the right-wing extremist, Harvey Lee Oswald. Next comes a montage of bomb damage in Birmingham, headed "Hate strikes in Birmingham." Done by rightists? "Extremism knows no limits." Next: "Extremists who hate the Supreme Court smear Chief Justice Earl Warren." Next: "Left-wing or right-wing extremists foment discord, tear down democracy. . . ." Nothing, not one single word, on the left wing. Inside back cover: photo of Jack Kennedy. "This man was a victim of HATE." The publication is undated. Which figures, because the technique is timeless.

● From the recruiting speech by Sargent Shriver's Radio and TV Consultant, Disk Jockey Murray the K, over CBS' donated 90 minutes of prime time the other night: "The Government is thinkin' of you and lookin' after you and thinks you are the most. That's what's happening, baby—but you don't want to have to have anyone in Washington telling *you* what's best for *you.* We want *you* to tell *us* how it is, baby, because we think you're rather important. It's going to be a swingin' show and a better way of life. Write to New Chance, Washington 20506. It's what's happening, baby." Believe it or not.

● *La belle poitrine* is Out at a federal agency that specializes in molesting people's lives by means of a super-efficient multi-million-dollar IBM molestor. Recently the robot was put in Coventry after being forced to disgorge some ghastly errata. A team of expert snoopers was brought in and after some weeks ferreted out the culprit: a lavishly endowed young lady operator who, bending over her work, was making inadvertent contact with the supersensitive machine, ahem, here and there, jamming a whole set of extraneous figures into her totals. The whole affair greatly unsettled the bureaucrats, who have now instructed recruiters to accept applications from flapper-types only. The lady? She has been seen wandering up and down the corridors muttering to herself . . . Ye spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here! Make thick my blood, stop up th' access and passage to remorse, that no compunctious visitings of nature shake my fell purpose nor keep peace

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Focus on WASHINGTON

Official Washington is still trying to duck the fallout from "It's What's Happening, Baby," the 90-minute television special dedicated to the nation's high school dropouts. The show was produced under the auspices of Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity (in the hopes of recruiting dropouts to the Job Corps), paid for by the Columbia Broadcasting System as a "public service," and hosted by a disk jockey, Murray "the K" Kaufman, who is so attuned to the vibrations of the dropout generation that he has, literally developed a new language for communicating with them. The program, shown nationwide on June 28, raised no arguments on taste or manners; in a brave show of bipartisanship, all hands agreed the production was a monument to bad taste and a disgrace to all concerned. There was no bickering as to who most deserved the discredit. Top-level Poor Corps executives, Shriver included, had somebody to point to. The hapless one was William Haddad, a Liberal gadfly, an award-winning reporter, unsuccessful Reform Democratic candidate for Congress, Peace Corps overseer, etc., etc. Yes, it was his idea. But the point here is not merely that William the H had another bad idea, or that Shriver the S bought it, or that Columbia the BS paid a half-million dollars for it. It is not merely that the show failed to lure the dropouts into federal work camps. It is rather, whether or not a dangerous precedent has been set. How many other federal agencies will cozen the communication media into promoting *their* special bureaucratic schemes "as a public service"?

◆ The several states are shortly to be asked to amend the Constitution for the third time in four years. The Presidential disability amendment, which has now passed in House and Senate, goes to the states for what looks like certain ratification. As has been the case with much of the Great Society's legislation, the debate on the bill follows rather than precedes the roll-call vote. The Presidential disability amendment was passed overwhelmingly, 68 to five. The amendment is written in vague terms, perfectly understandable against the background of the committee debate, but open to various interpretations over the long run. For instance, if one assumes the goodwill and self-restraint of the Vice President, there are no loopholes. But if the Vice President should be a ruthless and unprincipled man, the terms of the amendment provide him with the enabling legislation for a palace coup.

◆ George Reedy really does have foot trouble. He will need surgery, and will be away for a long time. And so we say goodbye to this pleasing rotundity, a man who was clearly uncomfortable in a situation he could not pretend to control. When he had the facts, Reedy proceeded with such care that he was for the most part impenetrably obscure. Most of the time Reedy did not have the facts. His replacement is taut, sharp-tongued Bill Moyers, the head honcho in the Johnson White House, and a man who unquestionably has the facts. His elevation is of great importance, eclipsing even the meanings of the Taylor-Zucker-Rowan rounds. His appointment was as shocking and as gratifying to the press corps as would have been the news that Ike had appointed Sherman Adams, or that JFK had appointed Ted Sorensen to the job of press secretary. The meaning of the appointment is simply this: LBJ is fed up with the sniping of the press; he wants to get better treatment; he intends to get it by turning white heat on the press corps. Moyers is LBJ's best man and he will speak more authoritatively for the Administration than any previous press secretary.

◆ The Free Society Association, only four weeks old and already installed in Ray Bliss' bad dreams, has set up shop in a suite of three small rooms sublet from Research Services, Inc., a Washington-based research and public relations outfit run by Karl Hess and Tony Smith. Hess was Goldwater's number one speechwriter during the late campaign. Smith, a longtime Goldwater Senate staffer, is now thought to be the ghost behind the Goldwater newspaper column. These two will work hand-in-glove with the other FSA recruits: chief administrator Lynn Mote (Hill veteran, former Bill Baroody employee at American Enterprise Institution), publications director Charles Lichenstein (former Research Director at the Republican National Committee, one of the faster horses in the Baroody stable), and head man Denison Kitchel, who will be in and out of Washington to oversee FSA's progress. Kitchel, a Phoenix lawyer, was campaign manager for Goldwater last year. **—CATO**

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between th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts, and take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers, wherever in your sightless substances you wait on nature's mischief!

● The Lion of Judah read the United States and Great Britain a lecture the other day on their policies in Africa and urged Britain, specifically, to apply the principle of "one-man, one-vote" in Rhodesia. A consistent old coot, the Emperor. Haile Selassie is the one man who has the one vote in Ethiopia.

A War by Any Other Name

Why is Henry Cabot Lodge replacing Maxwell Taylor as ambassador to South Vietnam? There is seldom a single answer to such questions about shifts in high office. Personal considerations are, as usual, stated to have prompted Gen. Taylor's resignation, and there is no reason to doubt that they are part of the case: he said when he accepted the post in June 1964 that, after 45 years in government service, it was for a year only, and he has been anxious to

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WITH BLUE EYES, CURLY HAIR, A "BALANCED" TICKET--
J. LINDSAY
"AND NO ENTANGLING PRINCIPLES, I'M IN!
THE NOT INSURMOUNTABLE HURDLES
7-YEAR RECORD OF
3% PARTY LOYALTY
2% CONFLICT WITH THE A.D.A.
1% OPPOSITION TO MASSIVE PORK
½% SUPPORT OF LAW & ORDER
THE NOT TOO RECALCITRANT BLOCS
N.Y.C. MAYORALTY

"Don't say I'm a creeping Socialist—say I'm a leaping Socialist! Besides, if you have nothing now, and you get nothing when you get me, how can you lose?"

return to his wife, who has been distraught since the tragic death of her sister. Still, personal considerations are almost never, of themselves, the full explanation.

Gen. Taylor has not been a success in his mission. He failed to establish a close working relationship with any of the South Vietnamese leaders, and his political interventions were maladroit. On military matters—where, as an ex-Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, he had much more than ambassadorial authority—he is reported to have been surprisingly inept: trying to apply an unimaginative West Point approach (he was first cadet captain and, for some years after the war, Superintendent) in a situation to which it was monstrously irrelevant. He had done much, moreover, to sell the President on the idea that limited "monitory" bombings would bring Hanoi to heel.

During his most recent trip to this country, Gen. Taylor spent an evening with a small group of private

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citizens. He talked at some length about the war, and the view he gave was darkly pessimistic, in substance defeatist, about both what is now happening and what is to be expected. He saw no likelihood of an outcome satisfactory from the American point of view. Perhaps this opinion reflects weariness or depression, but, whether or not his colleagues and superiors were aware of it, it would seem to advise his leaving.

But, granted it was time for Gen. Taylor to leave, why Lodge? The President, it is generally agreed, works in devious ways his wonders to perform. On many occasions—most lately in his July 13 press conference—he has shown himself exceedingly anxious to root his own Vietnamese policy in the nation's past and to stress its continuity with the policy of both Dwight Eisenhower and John F. Kennedy ("it's well for us to remember that three Presidents have made the pledge for this nation"). Henry Cabot Lodge, who was appointed to the UN by Eisenhower and to Saigon by Kennedy, can thus seem, through the Johnson appointment, a living symbol of the continuity. Certainly it is in line with the Johnson consensus technique to bring a Republican so prominently into the nation's most critical situation. The Republican Right will not thereby be seduced, but Lodge is undeniably a prominent leader of the party—Senator and Vice Presidential nominee as well as diplomat—and his re-appointment to Saigon will make it still more improbable that the Republicans in Congress will coalesce in opposition to the Johnson policy in Southeast Asia. And Lodge is reported to want to give more emphasis to the struggle's "political side"—an aim which the President most wishfully shares.

Still, it is a lousy choice. Lodge was unambiguously disliked by everyone, American, Vietnamese and miscellaneous, during his former Saigon tour. Whether justly or not, he is chiefly associated in memory with the fall and death of Diem—whose ousting, even if unavoidable, initiated the cumulative disintegration of the South Vietnamese Government. General Ky must have shivered in his boots, and opened a Swiss bank account, on reading the White House announcement.

Not improbably this is an interim appointment, a kind of caretaker ambassadorship. With Gen. Taylor going, Lodge may have seemed the handiest man around for the moment—at least he knew where Saigon was, and had heard of Ho Chi Minh. The Lodge interlude is evidently to coincide with a major shift in the struggle. The American forces are being rapidly built up. The President spoke publicly for the first time on the 13th of "more active combat missions." For the first time American combat infantry has arrived. Secretary Rusk formally announced our rejection of the idea of a "privileged sanctuary." "It is quite possible," the President said, "that new and serious decisions will be necessary in the near future." The leaks and rumors suggest that some of the serious decisions have *already* been made: to increase the troops in Vietnam at least to 200,000; to call up reserves and step up the draft; to assume de facto command of all forces in the field; to add economic installations to the North Vietnamese targets.

And at the same press conference of the 13th the same President declared his deep satisfaction with Moscow's gracious notification of willingness to resume the suspended Geneva disarmament conference. "We will be looking," promised Mr. Johnson, "for every opportunity that we can work with the Soviet Union in the interest of peace, and we think that the resumption of the disarmament conference is one step in that direction." He should, as they used to say, go tell it to the Marines.

To a Liberal

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Go contemplate the tiny tsetse.
Instead o' bugling Retreats, he
    Bites 'em sleepy.
If on'y thou cud rin and chase
    Like tiny tsetse!

W. H. von Dreele

The Presidential System

Lawrence F. O'Brien, who as special assistant to both Presidents Kennedy and Johnson "for congressional relations" can speak on the matter with maximum authority, has unexpectedly given public confirmation to what most political scientists have realized for some while: that a constitutional revolution has nearly completed its shift of American government from a multi-branch ("checks and balances") to a Presidential system. In an interview broadcast in part over a National Educational Television program, Mr. O'Brien explained the lobbying activities of his office which, by an extension of methods "put on a White House level" under Eisenhower and refined under Kennedy, have become under Johnson bigger, more efficient, and more effective than ever in our history.

President Johnson, Mr. O'Brien said, has often told his Cabinet "that no person in their respective departments could be more important than the head of their congressional relations activity." The operational secret of the Johnsonian method is total

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centralization of this activity. Every congressional liaison man in every department and agency is tied in to Mr. O'Brien's White House office and through this to the President himself. Every department and agency must send a report each Monday on its actions of the week past in relation to Congress and its projected actions for the week ahead. These reports are analyzed by O'Brien and his staff. The analysis is sent to the President by Monday night, so that he will be well briefed for his regular Tuesday morning breakfast with congressional leaders. All the lobbying of all the private businesses and associations—butt of so much Liberal indignation over the years—pales into insignificance alongside the Presidential lobbying, with its virtually unlimited resources in personnel and funds.

In the course of the interview, Mr. O'Brien showed he understood the historical meaning of the operation he directs so ably. In the U.S. Government, the political initiative has come to lie exclusively in the Executive. The President not only executes and administers the laws, but devises and formulates the laws. With increasingly rare exceptions, the function of Congress is no longer, in any effective sense, to make the laws, but merely to confirm laws made by the President and his aides; and congressional confirmation is secured, in general, not by free debate in the halls of the legislature but by the cajoling, threats, patronage, promises, pork, and plums channeled through Mr. O'Brien and his centralized apparat. Mr. Johnson, Rep. Peter Frelinghuysen reported on the same TV program, "follows with intense interest everything that affects his [*sic*] legislation. He apparently objects to any modification. He doesn't like a comma changed in anything he's proposed." Perhaps the most striking demonstration of the triumph of the Presidential system is the abandonment by Congress of the war-making power. The current war we are fighting in Vietnam is exclusively a Presidential war: Congress has had no part in it, except the advance confirmation last summer of anything the President might decide to do.

The Fathers at the Philadelphia Convention, in their debates over the Constitution, had a word for the Presidential system. They called it "monarchy."

Warren's Monkey Wrench

The once sovereign State of New York is providing, in the negative, a perfect illustration of how right the old rule was that courts ought to restrain themselves from interfering in the field of politics. In June last year the Warren Court opened Pandora's box with its decree that the "one-man, one-vote" principle must apply to both houses of all state legislatures—thereby invalidating the political practice

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Connecticut: A Reapportionment Melodrama, by Edward J. Bell

Fiasco in Algiers by Laszlo Taubinger & Stella Musulin

of the nation up to that date, nearly all state constitutions, and the basis on which most existing legislatures were in fact being elected. So, naturally, a busybody New York resident brought suit to throw out his state's districting arrangement, which was undoubtedly out of line with one-man, one-vote, and out it was thrown; and the court said there must be a special election, on a "constitutional" (*i.e.*, Warrenite) basis, in November 1965.

So, then, last November and December the legislature, still under a lame-duck Republican majority fated to disappear when the new session began in January, got frantically busy on a re-districting scheme that would a) satisfy the Warren Court decree, and b) give the Republicans the best chance to win. For good measure, in fact, the legislature passed four schemes (Plans A, B, C and D), figuring that would up the odds that one of them would get by the judges.

The Democrats howled, naturally, and immediately brought suit in the state courts on the claim that all four plans were unconstitutional: a rather persuasive claim—even apart from the grotesque gerrymandering—since New York's constitution declares that the assembly shall seat only 150 members (whereas all four plans called for a larger number) and that members shall be elected for two years (whereas all four plans assigned a one-year term only for members to be elected this November). The state courts, from the bottom to the highest jurisdiction (the Court of Appeals), assuming themselves to be bound by the state constitution, declared all four plans unconstitutional. But meanwhile Republicans had brought *their* suit in the federal courts, and the federal courts, assuming themselves bound by the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote decision, declared that the present legislature is itself unconstitutionally elected, and that there *must* be an election this November; and they certified Plan A, in spite of its 165 members, one-year term and gerrymandering, because Plan A is close enough to the one-man, one-vote principle—though of course no plan can be exactly in accord with one-man, one-vote, and no court has ever explained or could explain, since population changes every moment, just *how* close is "close enough."

So . . . well, what would *you* do? What the judges did was: a) the state's Court of Appeals reaffirmed (July 9) its decision that there *cannot* be an election this year ("The decision . . . serves only to further

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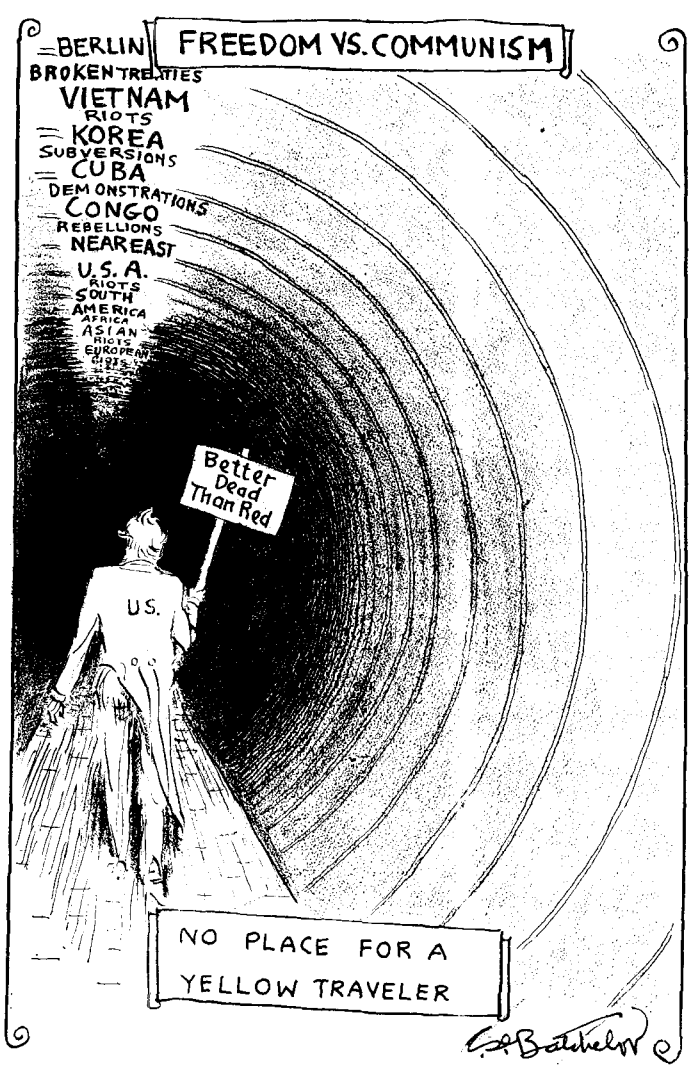
confound a most unfortunate and confused situation," observed a dissenting member of the panel): b) a special federal court reaffirmed (July 13) the decision that there *must* be an election this year. The Democrats appealed to Supreme Court Justice Harlan to issue a super-order to hold everything. (Since the Supreme Court itself, while in session, upheld what the lower federal courts had been doing in the matter, it is doubtful that anything will come of this.)

"Now you've seen federal supremacy in living color," remarked one of the lawyers when the July 13 ruling was handed down. Ex-Judge Rifkind commented appositely: "Talk about a political thicket, this is a political thicket in the Vietnam jungle and is infested by every conceivable disaster that may befall the legislative process."

Lindsay-Woolsey

When the Liberal Party decided to endorse Congressman John Lindsay in his bid for mayor of New York, much wondering was done out loud on the question of the nature of the deal. The Liberals, after all, had controlled New York politics for two decades through their front organization, the Democratic Party. The opportunity to make a good showing at the polls, riding Lindsay's coattails, seemed rather slim justification for the risk of supporting the losing candidate, a candidate indeed who was a member of the abominable, unmentionable, unthinkable Republican Party.



Well. It appears that the Liberals were promised something more tangible than hope as the remuneration for their support, and John Lindsay has already paid off. He has reversed his position on Section 14 (b) of the Taft-Hartley Act and he has provided the swing vote on a piece of ultra-Liberal legislation.

The legislation was the weird rent-subsidy bill. Lindsay, back in Washington from his campaign visit to New York, collared three Republican colleagues and got them to vote the Democratic way on the rent-subsidy bill. The bill carried by six votes. The Lindsay bloc must be credited with the win.

As to repeal of 14 (b), it had been Congressman Lindsay's habit in the past to announce his position in regular letters to constituents. This statement, from a Lindsay letter of recent date, is typical: "I am in favor of retaining section 14 (b). Eliminating that provision would, in my opinion, be an unjustifiable infringement on the right of states to legislate in this area." However, when Lindsay met the screening committee of the Liberal Party, he switched sides. Asked about (14) b, Lindsay said: "I am for repeal. It [the right-to-work section] is not good or right for Labor within the free-enterprise system. . . ." And the *Washington Post* has reported that Lindsay, while sidewalk-campaigning, has endorsed the repeal of 14 (b).

The vote on 14 (b) will undoubtedly be very close. Every congressman who can be induced to change sides is worth his weight in gold, silver, myrrh, and ballots. The first three are illegal, underhanded, and obsolete; but ballots are John Lindsay's business.

Adlai Stevenson, R I P

It happened as we were going to press, and our uncollected thoughts are to regret the passing from the scene of the only modern American politician who can truly be said to have done something, on his own, for the culture of politics. Beside him, they were all illiterate, depending for their aura on professional ghosts, on entire departments of great universities, and finally on a conscript American Academy of Arts and Sciences. But Adlai Stevenson was the real article. They all ghosted for him at one time or another—Archibald MacLeish, Arthur Schlesinger, Bernard de Voto: but they were ghosting for a man who, they knew, could, in his own

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field, out-write every one of them. So that when he spoke, the words were truly his, in a sense that they never were truly Roosevelt's, or Kennedy's.

How great a contribution is that? It is inestimable: and it is altogether detachable from the burden of Adlai Stevenson's day-to-day political thought, which oscillated from the trivial to the mischievous. Mr. Stevenson was devoted to a means of communicating his thought to the people which, because it was based on the assumption of human intelligence, was therefore based on the assumption of human nobility. It is ironic that at the time he spoke, the most educated men in the country were the most addled politically, and the least educated were those the momentum of whose vision was sufficient to penetrate to the essential specifications of a problem, instead of getting lost in the maze of refractions that Stevenson the ambiguist got lost in—for which we have Providence to thank—on his way to the Presidency. But Adlai Stevenson, at least during his 1952 campaign, and from time to time thereafter, verbalized an innate intelligence, idealism and wit which were a credit not only to him, but to his countrymen. We truly grieve over his death.

On the Right

Mr. Bliss' Dilemma

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Poor Mr. Bliss! He is expected to accomplish what at a sublimer level even Pope John XXIII could only hope to accomplish. Ecumenism is in the air, but so, the world continues to discover, is sectarianism. Mr. Bliss took on the job of knitting together the Republican Party, and so far he has greatly failed to do so, in part his fault, in part not his fault.

Buckley

It is a platitude to say that the Republican Party is deeply divided. It is not a platitude to say that the reasons for the division within the Republican Party are profoundly important. One of the difficulties Mr. Bliss faces is, for a change in Republican affairs, a moderately intransigent right wing. A great many Republicans—not inconceivably they are a majority—are concerned for the welfare of their party only for so long as it represents a substantial alternative to the programs of the Democratic Party. Mr. Bliss, who is primarily a technician, and very probably has not divulged even to his wife what are his own ideological sympathies, accepted his job as chairman of the Republican Party on a dubious assumption. His reasoning was: Senator Goldwater's Republican Party was soundly trounced at the polls. Therefore, the "other" Republican Party, the Republican Party of Rockefeller, Scranton, Romney, Eisenhower, Nixon (a rough attempt to move from left to right), is the Party to nurse back into a position of predominance. Having taken these reckonings, Ray Bliss went to Washington and started, as a beginning, to conduct a blood purge of anyone working for the Republican National Committee who had ever smiled at Barry Goldwater.

He seems to have sought out opportunities to disclose, in ways not particularly subtle, his conviction that Goldwaterism is an unfortunate skeleton in the Republican Party's closet, to be kept sealed and framed in crepe, all visitors to be whisked quickly by, and the subject of conversation quickly directed to other, livelier topics. For instance, Mr. Bliss went out of his way recently to snub Senator Goldwater in Ohio. A program of testimonial dinners was scheduled there to raise money for the GOP, and every prominent Republican in the world was invited to contribute to the general conviviality. Except Senator Goldwater.

Mr. Bliss apparently reasons that the future of the Republican Party depends on Mr. Bliss' success in vaporizing the memory of Senator Goldwater's candidacy in 1964. Some professional-type Republicans, who abhor sentimentality, might agree that this is not a bad idea. They reason as follows: that in fact Senator Goldwater's showing was very bad, and that therefore by mechanical deduction you should do what you can to forget Goldwater, even as the Republicans in the middle thirties did what they could to forget Herbert Hoover.

But these same professional Republicans, who may be willing to discard the memory of Senator Goldwater because it evokes a great Republican defeat, are not by any means ready to go forward from that point and deduce the necessity of discarding those principles for which Goldwater fought—which principles, they believe, are no less than the ultimate justification for the existence of the Republican Party.

Here, then, is the dilemma Mr. Bliss faces. Back in the good old days in Ohio, Republicans simply turned to him and asked him, confidently, to alchemize a victory for them which, on account of his great technical skills, he would, time after time, obligingly do. But he is in the very big time now, where he is up against the profoundest convictions of Republicans who care more for their ideas than they do for the abstraction called "the Republican Party." Mr. Bliss will find, in the days ahead, that he must encourage a policy that satisfies the conservatives within the Republican Party, or else wind up with total control of a vast Republican National Headquarters composed of empty rooms with cobwebs on the typewriters, into which only those Republicans stroll who, for reasons of personal eccentricity, choose to call themselves Republicans even while holding views copyrighted by the Democrats.

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The Third World War

Is Communism Folding Up?

JAMES BURNHAM

Hardly anyone except J. Edgar Hoover and the John Birch Society takes Communism seriously any longer. To be called an "anti-Communist" is almost excuse enough for a libel suit. All enlightened persons know that nationalism has proved itself to be the dominant political reality of our time, and that "communism," "fascism," "socialism," "Castroism," "Nkrumahism," "Baathism" and maybe even "democracy" are only up-to-date masks for my nationalism or yours. De Gaulle states more bluntly what Mao, Brezhnev, Tito, Nasser and LBJ do. International diplomacy and politics continue to be just that —diplomacy and politics "among nations." George Kennan has been right all along in insisting that you deal with "Russia" just as diplomats have always dealt with dynamic, expansive nations, by checking threatened aggressions, proposing treaties and compromises, constructing alliances, seeking balances of power. It's silly and paranoid to get into a sweat over a mythical "communism." We're happy to come to terms with good communisms like Tito's and Gomulka's and for that matter the Kremlin's, but we'll still keep a sharp eye on bad communism like Mao's and maybe Castro's; and we're hoping Ho's communism will end up with the Goods.

Burnham

The case for ignoring Communism can be put persuasively; has, in fact, been put persuasively enough to become the premise of the official policy of the U. S. Government. It has been a good many years since Voice of America, Radio Free Europe, USIA brochures or movies, speeches of U. S. representatives or approved indoctrination courses within U. S. agencies dabbled in anti-Communism. Nor is this a merely rhetorical limitation. It has been a good many years, also, since official policy was deliberately anti-Communist: officially, the U. S. aim is encouragement of "positive" and "liberalizing" developments within Communist nations, mutual disarmament, trade and cultural exchange, and above all accommodation, coexistence and "convergence" with the Soviet Union. This rhetoric and policy make sense only if the currently prevailing opinion is correct that Communism need not be taken seriously.

The Surd in the Woodpile

Let us assume the Kennan-de Gaulle-Morgenthau-Lippmann approach: Communism is unimportant; nations in their concrete geographical settings are the real historical counters. On this assumption the idea of national interest becomes the key both to what governments do and to what they ought to do. There is, for example, a ready and intelligible explanation why Russia should want a band of compliant states between its own territories and Western Europe, and this Moscow got by shrewd exploitation of Germany's defeat. Similarly, it is clear that Russia's interest leads to attempts at political penetration of the Middle East and to the search for warm-water outlets.

But with all the strains on its available resources, what Russian national interest can explain massive intervention in the Caribbean and central America, in Venezuela and Cuba and Colombia—to cite only a few of the Latin American areas where large-scale activities directed and financed from Russia have lately been going on? Or in Indonesia, which has got a billion dollars worth of military and economic aid from Russia over the past decade? Or in Algeria, Zanzibar, Ghana and Burma? Or, for that matter, in almost every nation through the guidance and subvention of internal political movements?

These operations can be explained by "nationalism" and the Russian "national interest" only if we stretch those terms into meaninglessness. And in truth, Messrs. Kennan, Morgenthau, Lippmann & Co. go on to contradict their own premise by assuring us that in reality there is no major conflict of national interest between the U. S. and Russia.

Whence, then, all the trouble? Simply because the rulers of the Kremlin and the White House don't listen to Kennan, Morgenthau and Lippmann?

What the Kennans, etc., say is true enough (this is what gives it plausibility), but true only in one historical dimension of a multi-dimensional reality. They fail, a Marxist would say, to comprehend dialectics: fail to realize that simultaneously in our age there is taking place an international competition of national states and empires (new and old), as in the past several centuries, *and also* an unprecedented revolutionary struggle that is world-wide and civilization-deep. The Soviet leadership functions simultaneously as, in the first dimension, a national government, and, in the second, a command echelon in the revolutionary army. The actual course of Soviet-directed activity (and the activity of every other "national communism") is a synthesis (borrowing again from the dialectic) of the two functions, but only the first of these appears within prevailing U.S. doctrine. Without reference to the second function you cannot make sense of what the Russians (*i.e.*, revolutionaries who happen to be Russian) have been doing in Colombia, Indonesia, Venezuela, Zanzibar and Cuba.

President Johnson's hard military actions in Vietnam and Santo Domingo can be convincingly motivated only within the second dimension—as counter-revolutionary operations in the world struggle against revolutionary Communism. This is why they are disapproved by Kennan, Morgenthau, Lippmann and de Gaulle, for whom that dimension does not exist. It is also why the critics have had the best of the public argument with the spokesmen for the Administration, since the spokesmen, too, are unable or unwilling to recognize the second dimension.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Words to Wise Tourists

In rank disobedience of King Lyndon's admonition that Americans should see America first, this summer more Americans will travel abroad than ever set foot on foreign shores before. Knowing your servant for an indefatigable wanderer, some readers inquire of Russell Kirk, Bohemian Tory, as to where they ought to go, with a view to escaping the company of *other* tourists.

Kirk

Nothing loath, I comply. First, though, allow me to recommend that the Grand Tour should not be attempted in two, or even three, months. Go to one especial region, I do enjoin you, and savor it well. Three months is not too long a time to spend in one charming land. Stay at the inns which the natives frequent, eat their foods, and share, if possible, their diversions. Otherwise, that horrid affliction called Travelitis will fall upon you after a fortnight of scurrying over the face of this planet.

If this is your first expedition abroad, and you speak only English passably, go to an English-speaking land; for one grows lonely and feels inferior, on the initial trip to strange lands, after a few days of linguistic isolation. One still has considerable range of choice.

English Spoken Here

In Britain, I especially commend for summer a trip to the Orkneys and Shetlands, away at the top of Scotland. Comparatively few Americans ever go there, but these islands are full of scenic and architectural and archeological interest. *Scotland,* in Muirhead's Blue Guides series, will give you the essential information; also you will find two essays of mine about that region in my *Confessions of a Bohemian Tory.* The summer climate is windy, misty, and enchanting.

If you long for classical lands, and yet want to hear English spoken, make your way to Malta or Rhodes, in the Mediterranean. (Were there less shooting in Cyprus just now, I'd recommend that big island, too.) Again, not many Americans make their way thither. With a Maltese base, one may raid Italy or Sicily; with a Rhodian lodging, one may invade the Isles of Greece.

For those venturesome and prosperous enough to yearn after African nights, I commend the Republic of South Africa. Contrary to suggestions in the Liberal journals of these United States, the South African cities are safer than New York, Chicago, Detroit, and other centers of American civilization; while the countryside and little towns are about as perilous as Williamsburg, Virginia. I don't suggest that you spend time in Durban, which is merely Africa's Miami. Capetown and its environs are better by far. There are good wines, and, at some places, good food. Away up north, where it is the winter season now, the Kruger National Forest is the best place in the Dark Continent to observe, in security, African beasts.

Now for wanderers with no fear of the language handicap, or of some experience in roaming. Right in the heart of Europe, you should be safe from ordinary day-trippers if you spend weeks in Styria, the core of Austria. Scarcely any folk but Viennese, and not many of them, go to Styria. The mountains, however, are splendid; the ancient inns are heart-warming; the food is admirable; the towns—even the capital, Graz—are virtually unspoilt by modernity; and the cost of living is low. Monk Gibbon's book on Austria is useful.

If you hanker after Spain, try residence in holy Avila, with its wonderful walls and its austere life. Being so high, the little city has a tolerable summer climate. Although plenty of tourist buses halt in Avila for an hour or two, next to nobody stays overnight—a melancholy error.

For Italy, I suggest the medieval hill-towns of Orvieto, Assisi, or Perugia. The first of these, less visited than the other two, has especially noble views across the Umbrian plain. One is relatively emancipated from motor traffic. Take Muirhead's Blue Guide to Northern Italy. Near Rome, Nemi is peaceful. In Sicily, you should be happy at Agrigento or Syracuse. These are Greek places, with all the pleasure of ruins.

French and Quasi-French

If you seek French or quasi-French culture, think about the venerable cities of the South—Toulouse, Nimes, Avignon, Arles, and the rest. Compared with the rest of France, Provence is inexpensive and refreshingly civil. As for French-influenced Africa, I guarantee your safety in Tunisia —though, what with the government's currency-exchange racket, Tunisia is expensive. Roman remains are very numerous, and Saracen buildings are worth seeing. Morocco—discovered, this past year or two, by the set that *Vogue* calls the Beautiful People—is bigger and better. Fez, Marrakesh, Rabat, half-European Tangier, and the other cities are human ant hills or beehives, but fascinating. Don't bother about Casablanca. Old Salé, though across the river from Rabat, a decayed lair of pirates, is Moslem Africa at its least improved, but full of life. For some remarks on your servant's sojourn in Morocco, see Dr. Thomas Molnar's book *Africa, a Political Travelogue.*

Hoof It

Finally, leave your automobile at home; travel by train or bus, or afoot, as do most of the people who dwell in these regions. (Here, though, I except South Africa, which has an American pattern in—or deficiency of —transportation.) Watch your change, except in Switzerland, Vorarlberg, or Castile. And tell President Johnson that only his economies, not yours, can redress the international balance of payments.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

A SPECIAL ARTICLE SECTION

THE POPULATION EXPLOSION

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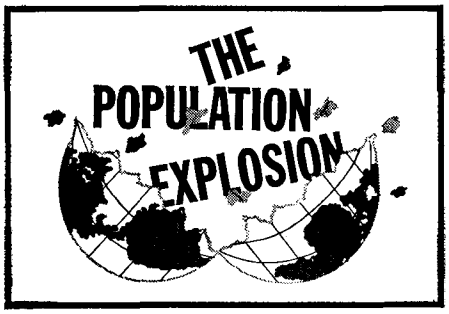
EXTRAPOLATIONS OF POPULATION INCREASE GO FROM THE TERRIFYING THROUGH THE FANTASTIC TO THE ALL BUT INCOMPREHENSIBLE ● BY 2500 A. D., IT WOULD HAVE INCREASED TO THE POINT WHERE THERE WOULD BE BUT ONE SQUARE YARD FOR EVERY HUMAN BEING ● IN THE YEAR 5000, THE MASS OF HUMANITY WOULD EXCEED THE MASS OF THE EARTH ITSELF.

The Avalanche

A science fiction novelist takes a hard look at the earth's skyrocketing birthrate and admits it portends horrors even he finds hard to imagine

THEODORE STURGEON



"It's a nice house, all right," said Bill, "but not for us."

I'd thought it was perfect for him. "What's wrong?"

"It won't," he said, "pass the nudist test."

Now, I'm not a real estate man, but he was a friend of mine, with a nice wife and three nice kids; he was looking for a house in our town, and I happened to know of just the buy for him.

"And what might be the nudist test?"

"Just this: A man and his wife ought to be able to set up cots on the front lawn and sunbathe if they want to."

"You don't mean you and Martha—!"

He laughed at me. "We never have and we never will, and you weren't listening. I didn't say a man should do such a thing. I said *he should be able to.* Granted that humanity is a gregarious species—and I wouldn't want it any other way—a man's freedom and privacy on his own land ought to be something worth having."

Trying to be funny, I said, "Well, maybe one day the whole country will go nudist, and every house will pass your test."

"If that happened," Bill said, "I'd just work out another test."

This dialogue occurred some years ago, but it came back to me when I began to immerse myself in research on the population explosion. For you can unearth all sorts of statistics, many or most of them appalling, and many a prognostication; and all of them, optimistic or pessimistic, seem

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to miss the most important point of all.

Thus begins—began—the article ye ed. assigned me, on the population explosion. I accepted the assignment blithely, and devised the above fiction as that technicality, the "hook." Then, because I am aware of a distinction between fiction and untruth, I proceeded to make true the part which suggested my immersion in research.

I emerge profoundly shaken, ashamed of myself, my (in the anthropological sense) culture, and my species. I now regard the above opening as inexcusably specious and cute, and I share it with you in confession and self-excoriation. I descend from sage detachment because I am not detached, and substitute this white-hot capital-I for the scholarly objectivity into which I had posed myself.

In this mood I have two confessions to make, one of which I shall leave until the end. The other is this: I have for a quarter of a century marinated myself in speculative fiction—*not* Buck Rogers stuff, *not* giant termites from Hollywood, but that species of expression which is all the modern arena will accept of prophecy, of dreaming logically: that genre which, with poetry, is the ultimate field for freedom of thought and of speech. In it I have had two aims: to produce creative fiction to as high a literary standard as my powers will permit, and to live, think, observe, and constantly learn, not within historical parameters, but in geological, astronomical, cosmological time. The placement of one small flicker of *id* in such a sweep of time, the visceral recognition of one's orientation in God's universe, have more products than humility. One may then be surrounded by hysterics and by ideological monomaniacs, by seductive preachments of perilous secularities and by the tidelike motions of the deflorated herd, and not be swayed. With such a perspective one can realize always that, no matter what the issue at hand, there is doubtless a greater one of which today's issue is merely an expression—or into which today's issue will disappear with hardly a trace. (Just what *was* a Catharist? A Huguenot? Scholars know, but now nobody else does.)

Sitting aloof and expansive in such a roomy environment, then, I turned with a smile to my assignment and wrote that sleazy little opening. The good-humored point I was about to make is that if you think the population explosion has not yet affected you, then look about you and see how rare it has made the house that can pass the "nudist test"; there were not enough of those for all of us fifty years ago. Look what you're paying in school taxes. Look at the attrition of public lands in "developments"—another term for destruction. Thus my thesis: there is so a population explosion, and it's a botherment to you right this minute if you'll only look.

Then I began to look at the facts, and the facts which they led me to, and I was, for a time, as immobilized as Hercules when old Atlas went out for a beer. Not only had I undertaken a burden so huge I could not think what to do with it, I had perforce to face a (to me) terrible truth: I have been quite as capable of turning my carefully-nurtured wide-spectrum attention away from the significant, and toward the trivial, as has my most despised, most compartmented specialist, the begonia- or Bach- or Buick- or bauble-hobbyist so enmeshed in the refinements of his preoccupation that he is unaware of the existence of God's works.

60 Million More Each Year

I knew there was a population explosion, just as you know it. But it didn't bother me.

Now it bothers me.

"To measure a circle," remarked that jovial solon Charles Fort, "begin anywhere." Let us begin, then, with the superb campaign against malaria in Ceylon, which halved the death rate in ten years. The result is that Ceylon's population increase has risen to 3 per cent, which for Ceylon, or Sheboygan, means that the population will double in 20 years. Or shall we begin with Aswan? The magnificent High Dam will have added two million acres of food-growing land by 1972, by which time the rank-and-file of Egyptians will have acquired thirteen million more bellies to fill—and no one will have an extra spoonful more than he has today. Says *Time*'s Gilbert Cant: Latin America will have 550 million people by the end of the century; he follows that with the statement that these forecasts are *always* underestimates, and always have been. Says the UN, as if to bear him out: Latin America will have 624 millions by that time; 756 if today's trends of death-control and rising fertility continue. We will be supporting well over 300 millions, the Soviets over 350, the Chinese (who could, today, maintain their current standard of living only if they could rid themselves of 50 millions) will have on their hands—let me spell it out—*one billion, two hundred and ten million.*

A wild thought: quickly, let's kill some off!

All right: let's have an atomic assault somewhere on earth—no matter where—and by tomorrow night, kill five million people.

It would take the world, with its average current rate of increase, somewhat less than 90 days to replace these people and go on as before.

Sir Julian Huxley likes to use banker's figures. World population is now increasing at a compound interest rate of around one and three-quarters per cent a year. This means 60 millions this year and next and the one after—the equivalent of the entire U.S. population in only three years. Or, if you like, 160,000 every day. This would be quite frightening enough if the rate of increase remained the same, but it does *not*. It is a fair estimate that for most of man's history, the rate was a small fraction—perhaps a tenth—of 1 per cent. It reached 1 per cent in our century, and is now pressing toward 2 per cent. This, however, is a world average. Many areas—Southeast Asia, most of Africa, the Middle East, and Latin America, as well as Pakistan and India, have increase-rates of more than 2 per cent: Costa Rica reported, last year, a rate of 4.4 per cent. And all of these are have-not areas.

Death-control — industrialization, with its concomitant public health, improved housing and nutrition and education—has in some instances depressed the runaway birth rate, but does virtually nothing about population increase; more people live longer.

Sir Charles Darwin describes ours as a Golden Age—and goes on to posit that it is the last Golden Age

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our species can ever know. He develops this mournful thesis with seemingly unassailable logic. After describing the disastrous increase in population, he dwells at length on the attrition of natural resources. Some of his examples are striking. Half the oil drawn from the earth in its history, for example, has been taken since 1920, and (as long as it holds out) the rate of exploitation will certainly not decrease. Coal, it is estimated, can last hardly another 500 years. On the basis that it takes 500 million years to make it, we are squandering capital at a rate of a million to one. Half the metals ever mined have been brought up in the past 30 years; here, too, the rate of exploitation must rise. Depletion in certain areas—especially undeveloped areas—will make it impossible for them to industrialize to any important degree. "Have" nations are not going to export increasingly scarce materials to them. Finally, in too many areas, the greater the population, the lower goes the water table.

One remark must be made about Sir Charles' paper, which was delivered (at Caltech) in 1957. Its subtitle reads: *"Every day there are eighty thousand more people on the earth. In another fifty years the world population will be four billion—a hungry four billion."* The alert reader will notice that these figures, producing as they did this gloomy prognostication, are in each case roughly half of the latest UN count.

One Square Yard for Each?

Extrapolations of population increase go from the terrifying through the fantastic to the all but incomprehensible. By 2050, it would (if unchecked) reach 20 billions; by 2500 A.D., it would have increased to the point where there would be but one square yard for every human being. In the year 5000, the mass of humanity would exceed the mass of the earth itself, and 'long about 13,000 A.D. humanity would weigh more than the mass of the entire universe within range of the 200-inch Hale telescope. With the ultimate concept of "a solid sphere of organized matter expanding at the speed of light" I will not, save for this mention, entertain you.

Much—far too much—has been said on the matter of food. "We can feed the world!" proclaims Henry Borsook, who developed (remember?) *MPF*—"Multi-purpose Food." And in my opinion, he and his nutritional technologist cohorts—the algae-and-yeast boys, the ranch-the-oceans fellows, and the transmutation-of-petrochemicals-into-proteins enthusiasts; the Carrelite growers of immensely perpetuating, injection-fed chicken breasts—all these and more could do what they say, at least up to serving a population of, say 20 billions. (It's amazing how frequently, and how immediately, the layman leaps at the concept of"unpalatability" when this subject comes up. I wonder how many really and truly "natural" foods he has eaten lately? Actually, a technology which can transmute petrochemicals can certainly reproduce any known flavor or texture —and an entire broad spectrum of new ones to boot.) And I have always been intrigued by a paper I read years ago which stated that of the 25,000 varieties of edible (in purely nutritional terms) foods on this planet, we (and that includes Bushmen and Baruchs, Kanakas and Connecticuts, Gobis and Glaswegians) eat only 750.

But a population of one quarter of that 20 billion is unthinkable in any real human terms; as unthinkable as the theoretical humans of A.D. 2500 each standing on his square yard of dry land. Now, today—and you may check today's paper—the shock of automation has added itself to the growing pressure of too many people. The young are getting it first; today's persistent 5 per cent (or so) unemployment rate becomes 15 per cent among white teenagers attempting to enter the labor market, twice that for Negroes. It is not difficult to project a nation with an employed minority tending the machines, and an increasingly growing jobless majority, living on some sort of makework or no-work at the public expense. Surely a more unstable picture of a society has not arisen since the great days of the Roman free circus. The specter here emerges, in civil war terms, of one of Sir Charles Darwin's global speculations. If half the world severely limits its population, he avers, it will enter upon a Golden Age of its own—for a very brief while.

But inevitably, the other half will overrun it. (There is an interesting argument to be presented on this point, *i.e.*, that any stable, resource-filled, highly technological nation will always be more than a match for the tattered horde, however numerous. This is comforting until one recalls the coming Chinese H-bomb and the very real possibility of an Indonesian A-bomb. In other words, underdeveloped nations are not all *that* underdeveloped, these days or in the days to come.) But the problem of a jobless majority with nothing to do but covet the privileges of the minority of machine-tenders is not one which can be approached in the matrix of security against an outside threat. Three-day, two-day work weeks, five-hour, four-hour workdays, can never offer a real solution.

Big Brother Getting Bigger

As to the people we already have in the U.S., we are bound (so says the law) to educate them. Resulting from the "baby boom" of the 1940s, 1960s elementary school pupils are now ready, after a shocking increase in local taxes for new school construction, buses, and equipment, to enter high schools, which will increase their enrollment nearly 45 per cent during this decade—there are 36 million of them. High schools come high, to build and to maintain. Then the colleges, already swamped with students, will need 100 per cent more room in the late sixties, half that again a mere five years later. Educated guesses for school construction exclusive of teachers' salaries run to $30 billion through 1980. Public monies must do more for these people —build them streets, roads, sewers, water systems, police and fire stations.

And there's more. (There is always more, to appall anyone who looks.) The very presence of these new masses of humanity, the weight of their parents' votes and, so soon, their own, makes bigger bureaucracy—bigger Big Brother bureaucracy—so probable that without a miracle it is a certainty. And to perpetuate itself, it will, as bigger and bigger bureaucracies must, hand out the treasures which belong to us all, to woo a grateful constituency. State and national parks, Amendment One, your unlegislated right to tell the boss to

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go to hell and quit, even houses that pass the nudist test—watch them dwindle and disappear. Not in a science fiction story, friend. Not even tomorrow.

Now.

I have described a problem.

It has a solution. Control births.

This is not the only solution, by any means. Let me, without a shadow of recommendation, list a few. For example, we can withdraw any aid to anybody anywhere, in an effort to return to starvation and disease the power they had in the world's slums. Or we could register everyone on earth, draw lots, and shoot one out of three for a couple of dozen years. We'd have to make a criminal of the likes of Dr. Dooley and a memory of the hospital ship *Hope*, but that's all right. We can't do it efficiently with nuclear weapons without damage to our environment: I expect an argument on this one. We can't do it with conventional weapons because it would just take too darn long—whole generations would grow up before we'd finished.

Or we could attack the problem of births. We could spay girl children according to some computer's formula, by government edict and in such a way that the victims would never know. (Of course we'd need an iron-fisted world government and *real* permanent personal registration.) Or how about vasectomies for all men for all offenses — parking tickets, speeding, armed robbery, barratry?

But don't forget—if half the world controls its births, it will, it must, be overrun by the uncontrolled other half. So local, state, national, even hemispherical governments just won't do.

Education, perhaps?

If every school board, every college administration, every civic and business group, every church and every temple, and every government office hired every public relations man in America simply to teach the facts of the population explosion—none of the solutions, only the facts—I for one wouldn't believe it. But if they did it anyway, do you really think it would make a signal impression, make any headway against the apathy, the ignorance, the bullheadedness which, just for example, caused me to spend so much of my time on "more important" matters?

There is no more important matter.

You will have noticed by now that I have not mentioned contraception, nor will I except for this one thing—a concept so refreshing, so unique and at base so moving, that I cannot refrain from sharing it with you. John W. Campbell Jr., editor of a magazine called *Analog*, threw this away in one of his editorials a few years ago.

Let us bring the population explosion to heel, he suggested, by supplying the whole world with an oral contraceptive which would be pleasant-tasting and mildly addictive. This would not only take care of the regularity of dosage, it would make conception possible only to those who would make the necessary decision—and then an effort of will.

In a single generation (quite a small one) this phrase would become meaningless: an unwanted child.

Four Horsemen May Solve It

I am ashamed of my species, and afraid for it. I would like to run to it and shout "Look!" and point at the avalanche. It is too late—it was, I think, too late some time ago. I wish I had known. (When my brother was eleven, he caught some fact thrown to him across the dinner table. "Is that really so?" he demanded incredulously, "I thought that was just one of those things y'*learned!*") This has been, until now, just one of the things I learned; now, suddenly, I *know*.

In all my research I have encountered a single shard of hope. Fred Hoyle, the cosmologist (everybody gets into this act; everybody should) wrote a brief *riposte* to Sir Charles Darwin's Malthusian chant. He anatomized Sir Charles's logic, and claimed to find a *non sequitur* in Darwin's statement that whereas a voluntary decision by the human species would require some powerful basis in emotion and logic, then even if such a basis for decision were found, it is doubtful if it would be accepted by enough of humanity to become effective in limiting population. Hoyle felt that the fact that Sir Charles wrote his article, that he was writing this response, that certain books like Harrison Brown's *The Challenge of Man's Future* are in circulation, are examples of feedback. He maintained that human beings may escape the Malthusian trap because it is an animal trap, and human beings are subject to much more subtle, much more powerful feedback than animals. Once a critical portion of humanity absorbs the fact that the rate of increase of human population must decline — and the word "must" is not modified—he sees the strong possibility of a chain reaction. If this can be brought about, he sees the feedback almost certainly winning out, for the simple reason that the time-scale of a chain reaction of this kind—one or two years—*is* far shorter than the characteristic time of population surges—70 years or so.

I think that what that means is that if each one can teach one, we can after all avoid certain degradation, almost as certain disaster, and possible annihilation. It is a small hope indeed; but it *is* a hope—the only one I found anywhere in all this research. I would like to see this problem solved by humanity; for whether or not we solve it, *it will be solved.* That is an unalterable fact. You will not have to listen hard, nor for very long, to hear the hooves of the Four Horsemen who will solve it if we do not.

My second confession, one which I must make and cannot regret: while I was looking elsewhere than at the ecology of my planet, I fathered six. ▽

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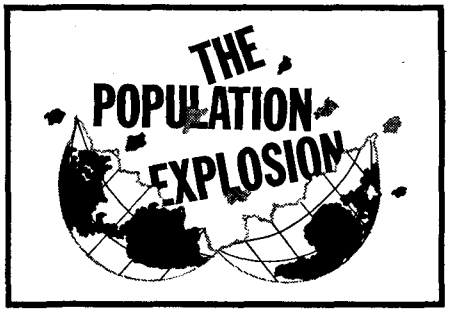
What Exit for Asia?

The great wet rice civilizations of Asia can survive, says the author, if they can successfully stem their birth-rates, increase their food supplies and, just as important, give hope and purpose to the discontented young

PYRRHO



The growing populations of Asia may be the most disturbing phenomenon of the nuclear era. These populations rise like a torrential river, at a time when they are already large, hungry, and have no escape from their dilemma. Their number may be quickly told: China, 700 to 800 million; India, 475; Pakistan, Indonesia, and Japan, over 100 each; others, over 150—more than half the world's population, increasing at an annual rate of more than 30 million.

In this space, only a brief account of the problem can be given. For our purposes, it is relevant to discuss 1) food and land, because these are hungry populations, food shortages are getting worse, and there is no unused land, and 2) living space, because these are densely crowded populations, which have already exceeded the limits of tolerance in both rural and urban areas.

I. Food and Land

The Asian diet is a central factor, and a comparison may help to point up its nature. A Roman slave, whose life may have approached in stringency that of most Asians, nevertheless had a food supply well over double that of a modern urban Chinese under Mao, and in it were included wine, oil, meat and other foods not available to the Chinese. As a rule, 2,200 calories a day are regarded as a subsistence minimum; in China, during the Great Leap Forward, the quota dropped to an extreme low of 1,500.

The Asian people may, quite properly, be said to live in a state of conditioned starvation, a state that borders on famine; actual famine often occurs in the periods before the harvest almost anywhere in Asia. If Asian peoples are small, it is not surprising; that they are gauntly thin, except for the Communist cadres, is to be expected. They reached the limits of the land's resources a long time ago.

The wet rice culture, which is the basis of the Asian civilizations, is relatively new in human history; the wheat and barley cultures of Mesopotamia were in being possibly six millennia earlier. Nevertheless, despite their late arrival, the wet rice cultures have been, over at least three or four millennia, the most durable of all societies. The question now looms whether they have reached a terminus.

Wet rice is the most profitable of all cereal crops except hybrid corn. The yield is very high, a pound of seed normally yielding 100 pounds of grain. It requires little but nitrogen, usually provided by the application of human and animal excrement, nor is the land exhausted if no phosphorus and potash are applied. Fish and other protein foods in large quantities breed in the flooded paddies, which are dredged after the harvest. The culture required the domestication of the water buffalo, a rich asset that provides draft power, manure, a little milk, and body heat for warming shelters.

The ancient problem of the wet rice people has been their dependence on the regular flow of the river. In the years when precipitation varies beyond a normal range in either direction, the crops are threatened by drought or floods. The moderation of the river flow, vital to the food supply of the people who live in the bottom lands, has been the prime objective of government in all wet rice cultures. Such hydraulic civilizations, as Wittfogel suggests and Egyptian history attests, have required a measure, often too full, of despotic control.

Apart from adverse river flow, another difficulty besets a wet rice culture: bottom land is limited and can be expanded only as the delta expands farther out on the continental shelf. When dryland cultivation is begun in the hills and plains above the river bottom, water retention properties are reduced and the heavy runoff of precipitation increases flooding. The expansion of cultivated acreage undertaken by Mao in the Great Leap Forward was followed by extraordinarily riotous flooding of the Yangtze and Yellow river basins. It was nearly as great a disaster as the Soviet "Virgin Lands" experiment, in which the ploughing up of an area the size of Poland created a desert. In both cases the limits of arable acreage had been reached generations earlier and the geographical boundaries had not changed.

The limits set by land on the food supply in Asia are clear; they are the flood plains of the great rice rivers, which increase only as the deltas expand. Well over 650 million people are crowded into the river basins of the Yangtze and Si Kiang of China, the Mekong of Indochina, the Chaupaya of Thailand, the Salween and Irrawaddy of Burma, the Brahmaputra and Ganges of East Pakistan and India. The land does not provide enough food, there is no

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place to go, and their numbers increase.

With an annual population increase of 30 million, the Asian peoples living in the river bottoms could possibly keep their annual per capita food production at a constant level, in the absence of drought or flood, if they could pour in ten million tons of nitrogenous fertilizer a year, for 30 million tons of added rice. At present, however, world production of nitrogenous fertilizer does not greatly exceed that figure. Even if Asian fuel resources were available, and the capital and technological skills, the required tonnage might take a decade or two to produce—and there are limits on the rate of return of fertilizer, as the Dutch and the Japanese have discovered as they approached the optimum quantities.

The naturally defined limits on the land and the food supply make the future of the rice peoples—the Indians, Pakistani, Burmese, Thais, and other Southeast Asians, as well as the Chinese, Koreans, and Asian people of Oceania—uncertain. Disaster lurks at every turn. During the Great Leap Forward the Chinese may have slaughtered as many as 20 million draft animals (the *Economist*'s estimate), an event that reduced planting and yields throughout the afflicted areas, not to mention the loss of milk, manure, and body heat. Bad weather, drought, and flood abide. Where can the people turn? And where can food be found for the coming generations?

The surplus food areas of the West—primarily the United States, Australia and Canada (USAC)—have picked up a part of the food bill of the Asian people. The United States is providing the minimum requirements for more than 100 million of the rice people—50 million in India, and more in the great famine year of 1964—20 million in Pakistan, 10 million or so in Indonesia and Egypt; and millions more in other rice nations. The nations of Asia that may or can be in surplus—Thailand, Burma, Cambodia, South Vietnam, and Japan—provide at best a modest flow, one or two million tons, into a world grain market of 40 million or more tons, most of which must come from the USAC food powers, with marginal additions from Argentina, France and other factors in the market.

The limits have been reached on USAC cereal resources. United States surpluses will tend to decline with the increasing recognition that at least a quarter of its cultivated land, some 75 million acres, may be more economically used in other than agricultural operations. The USAC countries cannot continue to rely on the uncertain credits they extend to insolvent Sino-Soviet and Asian customers, nor can the United States continue to ignore the exhausting drain on its foreign exchange, largely generated by economic aid programs. In effect, the makeshift feeding program for the Asian (and the Soviet) populations may be coming to an end. If such is the case, then the whipsaw effect of declining external supplies compounded by the increased demand of rising populations will produce a very high disturbance level.

These food, land, and population factors can be more easily summarized by reciting certain changes from 1935 through 1959. In that period the West had a population increase of 90 million and an increased cereal grain output of 110 million metric tons. The rest of the world had a population increase of 660 million while its grain output rose by only 90 million tons. In the same period, the West decreased its cultivated acreage by five million, while the rest of the world increased its acreage, into progressively more marginal areas, by 175 million acres.

This historic collision in Asia between the torrential force of population and the fixed limits on land area and food supplies may see the loss of more people through famine and hunger and resulting disturbances than there were people alive during the height of the Roman Empire.

II. Living Space

Raymond Pearl left behind him a wealth of intellectual product which economists and political leaders have not yet fully digested. His relevant experiment in this context was one involving population densities—specifically flies. It is old now, often cited, and will be regarded as a platitude by many. The experiment was simple. If a small population of flies were confined to a bottle and provided with food, what condition would limit their numerical growth? Density was the presumptive condition—and it was proved. Multiplication stopped well before all the space was occupied; there was a limit to the crowding flies could tolerate.

In the 1950s, a similar experiment was undertaken with rats, in a similarly restricted environment. Space was again a limiting factor on population growth; with the rats, however, once crowding reached a limit, there was a pronounced tendency to cannibalism. It was also noted that a higher degree of crowding was tolerated if only one family was involved than if there were two or more separate groups.

There has been no adequate formulation or grasp of the factors in the density phenomenon, but certain inferences are possible. The wet rice peoples have always been packed into river basins of limited extent and have developed, particularly in the great flood plain of the Yangtze, societies without large open spaces, but in a rural setting in which the people were tied to a plot of land. In China, where the arable land per person is about one-sixth of an acre, or in the Red River Valley of North Vietnam where it is even less, crowding is an ancient and face-to-face condition in which family and personal relations tend to be fixed and carefully ordered.

The rice people, as a rule, have a very practical bent. The harsh margins on which they live require a high degree of realism and permit no other habit. When one family had five acres of land in pre-Mao China, it was nearing the status of landlord—or lord of the manor. If it had double that amount it was of ducal stature. Other criteria, deriving from one kind of excellence or another, completed the ordering of the community. The family itself was no less precisely hierarchical than the society at large.

The family is a religious concept in Asia, as in the West, but in those far simpler, rural societies it is a much more important institution and has until recently controlled land tenure practices. Family land holdings are divided, according to the coparcenary rule, equally among the siblings, a practice that is followed regardless of the particular religious persuasion in the area concerned. In the West, the natural religious tendency to coparceny has been modified by freedom

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of contract, primogeniture, entail, and other arrangements, which have avoided the methodical subdivision of the land that occurred during the medieval era, especially along the upper Rhine.

The disastrous effect of systematic subdivision of the land, which may be one of the most perfect ways of hobbling a society ever devised, is now apparent. The loss of arable land—often 25 per cent or more in boundary strips and paths—is bad enough, but the size of the holding permits only subsistence, rarely a surplus. China is the extreme case, but the limit is also being approached in many other areas, and yet the entire religious system is based on joint heirship, or coparceny, as Mao learned when he attempted to consolidate the land, organize military brigades, and divide the family by establishing common eating halls, kindergartens, and crèches. Even the cadres were unable to break completely with the status system.

The foundation is, however, crumbling. The land requires only a family of two children, and the others are surplus and alienated. These disaffected young people have had to move to the cities, where they constitute a revolutionary core. Despite the immoderate growth of the cities, population pressure on the land continues. The likely outcome is that unrest will rise, the structure of society will tend to fracture, and wars will be the rule. The practical question is whether these states can survive.

The internal political problem is formidable. The cities are a dumping ground for the surplus rural population. The population of Karachi, for example, increased tenfold in a decade, and millions of people continue to stream into the cities of Asia every year. In China, Mao is vigilant, but even so, major cleansing operations have to be carried out from time to time to extrude persons that the cities cannot absorb. This is not surprising. The United States cities have still not begun to absorb the stampeding rural populations they have received over the last two decades. Capital formation cannot move at such a rate, and adaptation to urban life cannot occur overnight.

In Asia, most of the migrants are young people, of both sexes, with no prospect of employment or status and no ability to deal with urban complexity; they are instantly susceptible to political exhortation. The term "student" is applicable, regardless of the degree of literacy, because they learn the ways of creating disorder. In Saigon, the mobs and demonstrations have invariably been of young people of rural provenance. The student threat to public order is immediate evidence of the role of population growth in political instability.

If disoriented youth, the surplus rural population without status or prospect, is a threat to public order in the cities, they are no less a threat if they remain in the rural areas, where they become guerrillas if there is an appropriate organization available. As a rule, the guerrilla organization starts in the poor village from which raids into surrounding communities are mounted. The quiet and systematic diffusion of terror is the preferred means in rural areas, as contrasted with riots in the urban context, and it appears to have considerable success in political subversion. Once a political base exists, the development of a larger guerrilla force is undertaken—necessarily by external aid. The guerrillas, characteristically, are the young people—the surplus population the society cannot absorb.

China In Decline

Economic growth in any society is a function of net capital formation, which tends in turn to be an inverse function of population growth. Capital derives from surplus product, of which there is none in a society that consumes all it produces—and hence no economic growth. Stated in other terms, if there is surplus population and effective use of economic resources, there is relative economic decay. In Asian countries, except for Japan and Taiwan, economic growth is dubious as long as population growth runs at the present rate. China may, by heroic extractive measures, strip a gaunt population of minuscule resources which it can devote to capital formation; but even China is in a regressive cycle because most of its manufactures and three-quarters of its normal exports are based on agricultural products.

Taiwan, on the other hand, has managed very well because United States aid has been used to 1) improve agricultural output by the most sophisticated measures developed in any Asian community; 2) increase the industrial plant that is directly in support of agriculture; 3) develop industrial plant to process surplus agricultural product, and last but not least, 4) maintain a very large army that drains off surplus rural youth and, by systematic training, prepares them for entry into the industrial economy. But Taiwan must nevertheless soon move into the Japanese population-control cycle if it is not to jeopardize the achievements that are in part an accident of history and in part of good and rigorous government.

China is the largest and most recent case of a society that has gone into a decline because of unassimilable population growth and migration. It is not yet clear whether the fall will come and, with it, the extinction of a great civilization. If it does come it will probably be from the inundation of the city by a large, inimical rural population—much as Rome fell, as Fustel de Coulanges brilliantly demonstrates in *The Ancient City.*

Asia is now visibly suffering from all the symptoms of a probably fatal social cancer. There are too many people on the land and too many in the cities. Mortality rates are down for infant and adult as the result of control of disease and infection. The fertility cycle, the child-bearing period, has increased dramatically. Uninhibited population growth continues. Youth is the principal casualty, and increasingly so because as many as three-quarters of the youth in Asian communities, rural or urban, must find a wholly different life from the one in which they were reared—and in a society without opportunity.

This malady which, having run the course, once left Rome a garbage heap in which savages played, is universal in the modern world. But Asia, of course, presents the most severe symptoms, apart from North Africa, because the limits on food, land, and space had already been reached generations earlier. In China, the population ceiling is almost certainly reached; migration can't relieve it; and if the existing wet rice culture is basically altered, the land may be able to sustain fewer than half the present population. ▽

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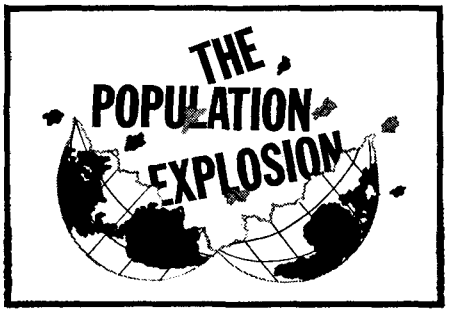
If there is hope, it may be the example of Japan. Faced with the basic problem, Japan has accomplished, or nearly so, the impossible; and, despite the rapid economic change, the ceaseless migration, and the rise of foreign influence, the Japanese appear to be emerging with their tightly-knit web society. It looks a little different at the edges, and it is modified here and there in structural detail, but it is still the seamless cloth of an ancient rice culture. The rice peoples can survive, if they follow the Japanese example in population control, increase the productivity of the land, and constrain their teeming population. ▽

How Births Can Be Controlled

A discussion and evaluation of programs (abortion, sterilization, contraception) that have been widely used to control soaring birthrates

DR. ALAN F. GUTTMACHER



There are several potential methods of world population control; the applicability of each is dependent in large measure on the *mores* of the individual country or region. In some geographic areas two or more techniques are equally acceptable. We shall briefly discuss: 1) celibacy and asceticism, 2) provoked abortion, 3) sterilization and 4) contraception.

I. Celibacy and Asceticism

The country presenting the crowning example of the influence of celibacy on population growth is Ireland. Its birth rate is held moderate, 22 per 1,000, by two factors: late age of marriage (average age of women 26 and for men 31) and failure of a significant proportion of the population ever to marry, approximately 30 per cent. It is claimed that provoked abortion and contraception are infrequently practiced in Ireland, and therefore its actual slight annual decline in population is caused by a moderate birth rate, more than neutralized by substantial emigration.

From current reports Mainland China is attempting to raise the age of marriage as one of several methods recently introduced to curb its population growth. The legal age for marriage was advanced to eighteen for women and 21 for men. Moreover, propaganda is attempting to persuade women that it is against the interests of the state for them to marry before 27 and men to marry before 31.

Asceticism was the method which Gandhi attempted to promulgate in India as the means of family planning. He publicized the fact that he and his wife discontinued all marital relations as soon as their last child was conceived. The example of the Gandhis seems to have had little impact on their fellow countrymen, judging by India's continuing high birth rate of 39 per 1,000.

II. Provoked Abortion

The islands forming the Japanese Empire present a very small land surface, comparable in size to the area of the state of Wyoming. At the conclusion of World War II the Government of Japan was faced with the hideous prospect of a doubling of its 78 million population in 28 years, since in 1947 its birth rate was 34 per 1,000 and the death rate less than 10. From the viewpoint of its political leaders the critical situation required a critical solution. Therefore in 1948 the Japanese Diet enacted the Eugenic Protection Law which legalized voluntary contraception, sterilization, and abortion. The latter was possible since neither Shinto nor Buddhism, the largest creeds in Japan, categorically opposes abortion. Shinto does not recognize the child as a living person until it has "seen the light of day."

The Japanese people more readily accepted abortion than sterilization or contraception, and every year since 1948 about one million legal abortions have been reported. I am told by Japanese informants that about twice as many abortions are actually performed than are registered by physicians with the Bureau of Statistics. This reluctance to report the full number is apparently motivated by income tax considerations.

The Japanese tripartite conception control program worked miracles; almost immediately the annual birth rate fell to 17, at which level it remains. In 1963 the population was 93 instead of 120 million—the projected population had the birth rate not been so miraculously reduced. Japan has a youthful population; therefore, in a few decades, after the age structure is more representative of the true status, a birth rate of 17 will virtually establish equilibrium between births and deaths.

Abortions in Japan are done in the offices of the obstetrician-gynecologist at a cost of $6.00 to $30.00. Legal abortion is not permitted after the twelfth week unless there is a serious medical condition which justifies termination of pregnancy. No scientific analyses have been published in Japanese medical literature of the risk of death or illness inherent in

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their program—abortion on the woman's demand. One assumes the damages are slight, since after seventeen years the abortion program continues unmodified. The Japanese Family Planning Association and the government are encouraging the wider use of contraception, hoping thereby to lessen the incidence of abortion.

The only other part of the world where abortion is performed on a patient's demand is in Russia and her satellites (except in Albania and East Germany). However, there are many significant differences between the Japanese and Communist programs. The Iron Curtain countries have no problem of overcrowding. Abortion was introduced by them in 1955 in an attempt to eliminate illegal abortion with all of its unwholesome sequels: death, illness, racketeering. According to reports this goal has been largely but not completely attained. Abortions in the Communist countries are only permitted in government hospitals. The published risk figures are, in medical terms, excellent, 3.5 to 5 deaths per 100,000 operations. Having a baby in these countries involves ten to twelve times more risk of death than legal abortion.

Although legal abortion was not introduced primarily to lower the birth rate, yet the birth rate has declined critically in those satellites permitting it. For example, the birth rate in Hungary was 23 per 1,000 in 1954 and is thirteen in 1963, the lowest in the world. In the same period Poland's birth rate declined from 29 to 19. The same degree of decline in birth rate has not occurred in the USSR itself; its birth rate was 26 in 1954 and 22 in 1962.

III. Sterilization

Rendering either the male or female permanently infertile by surgically interrupting the continuity of both spermatis tubes (vasectomy) in the male or oviducts (salpingectomy) in the female is a successful population control technique. In contrast to castration, sterilization does not involve the sex gland, testis or ovary, and therefore causes no change in body physiology. Libido, potentia, menstruation and even the amount of semen remain unaffected. Despite the fact that after vasectomy the semen no longer contains spermatozoa, its volume is relatively unchanged since the sperm cells are so minute and form such a small proportion of the total ejaculate. Vasectomy is a minor operation which in most of the world is done as an outpatient procedure while salpingectomy requires hospital facilities since it entails an abdominal incision.

India is the only country that depends on sterilization as an important component in the solution of its population problem. Four of its states have active programs, those of Madras and Maharashta being the most successful. In the former, vasectomy is done in hospital camps. I have witnessed the program in Madras City. There they sterilize men who desire it after they have fathered three or more children. In Madras the state pays a man 30 rupees. It is difficult to get meaningful figures of the Indian program, but it is likely that at most 200,000 individuals are being sterilized each year. In a population totaling 450 million, this not a sufficiently large sample materially to affect population growth. Japan is also encouraging sterilization as one means of population control.

IV. Contraception

From many viewpoints the logical method for achieving global population control is through the general use of effective contraception. It must be admitted, however, that programs involving the use of contraception among non-industrialized nations have been singularly unsuccessful in decreasing national birth rates. I believe that one of the main deterrents to success has been the type of contraceptive method which has been advocated. Either it has involved the use of periodic abstinence (rhythm) or the employment of a technique which is used at the time of coitus. Periodic abstinence failed as proved in 1955 by the Indian bead experiment, when nubile women were provided with chaplets of three colored wooden beads, which were supposed to be shifted back and forth on the string by the woman depending on the phase of her menstrual cycle. The rhythm method in itself is not highly reliable and the bead technique proved too onerous and complicated for a semi-literate populace with relatively weak motivation toward family planning. Birth control techniques such as the condom, diaphragm, intravaginal creams, jels and tablets have to be used conscientiously, consistently and carefully to be highly effective. For the above reasons, traditional methods of birth control have made little headway in curtailing world population growth among most of the people of Asia, Africa and Latin America.

With the introduction of two new contraceptive techniques, the pill and the intra-uterine devices (IUD), prospects for slowing the rate of world population growth have greatly improved. In the first place both methods are highly effective in protecting the users against impregnation and both are coitally independent, that is, they are applied at a time completely removed from the act of sexual intercourse. Every month one pill is taken at the same time each day for twenty consecutive days beginning with the fifth day of each monthly cycle, counting the first day of bleeding as day one. The small intra-uterine device is fashioned of a plastic or stainless steel wire inserted by a physician through the normal cervical opening into the cavity of the uterus, where it may remain indefinitely. While in residence within the cavity of the uterus it succeeds in preventing pregnancy without the cooperation of the patient. Removal of the IUD is done when pregnancy is desired. Neither the pill nor IUD is ideal for all patients; 15 to 20 per cent of patients may develop side effects of a degree that necessitates discontinuance; but either is wholly satisfactory for the four-fifths who tolerate it. Current research is striving to reduce the one-fifth who can not tolerate the pill or IUD. Hopefully this percentage will soon become smaller.

Because of the inexpensiveness of an IUD—nine cents per patient for the device and inserter when purchased in large quantities—and the fact that continuing cooperation is not required from patient, this technique is more applicable than the pill to national population control programs. Success with it has been outstanding in South Korea, Hong Kong and Taiwan. IUD programs are being launched in Tunisia, Turkey, Pakistan and India. Indian experts expect to apply one million during 1965. ▽

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The Victory of the Common Man

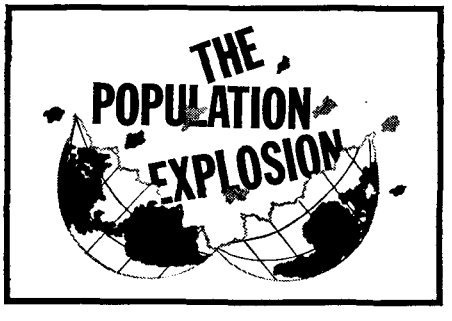
When I was born (so I've been told)
The population of the earth
Was rather plus two billion fold
With an exploding rate of birth.
Since then (it seems so long ago)
The gross has grown enormously,
I'm told the statisticians show
That "plus two billion" more than three.
Day by day the count's compounded,
Babies come and then they double—
Night by night man is confounded
By the geometric bubble,
Until the saintly "common man"
(Uncommon men have whined about)
Will expurgate them from the plan,
Will cast the liberators out!
And finally the seething mass
Of anthropophagic horrors
Will constitute a single class—
And no tomorrows.

PARIS FLAMMONDE

Catholics and Population

A prominent scholar navigates over treacherous shoals in discussing Catholic thought on birth control; and through the mists, makes a landfall

GARRY WILLS



This is a hot one; fated to grow hotter. In fact, the closer men come to some control of the birth rate, the more intense will the conflicts with (and within) Catholicism become. Non-Catholics will predictably resent the action of men they must consider the last of the old-time detonators of our "population explosion." Some Catholics will just as predictably resent the intrusion of others in what they take to be a matter of personal conscience; they will anticipate a 1984 in which men can be punished for the Orwellian crime of "Overbirth." Other Catholics will resent the Catholics just described (and their hostility may be the bitterest of all).

The range and depth of Catholic reaction to this problem can be almost frightening. On the highest level of opposition, a theologian at one of America's most progressive seminaries says he must in conscience give up teaching if the official stand of Rome is altered—so little can he reconcile such alteration with the norms he has been taught, and has been teaching, throughout his scholarly career. At quite another level, an apocalyptic nincompoop in Ohio fires off letter after letter to all Catholic writers denouncing the enemies of God who want to rob Him of the babies He demands (as you see, the man's deity seems to resemble Moloch). In the name of orthodoxy, this ebullient boob concocts ingenious heresies—as when he writes that God

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needs men as "co-creators" and we are frustrating Him by not pulling the oar on our side. (There the weird crew-master sits, megaphoning at you and me and God, "Stroke! Stroke!")

Is anyone a fool, then, to rush into an area so clearly marked "Off Limits" for angels? It is no wonder that pacific men throw up their hands in despair and adopt this attitude. They feel that any attempt to clarify the matter will only confuse it. They have a point; most attempts have perhaps done this—not because of incompetence on the part of those Catholics who have suggested lines of development in the Church's teaching, but because it is so difficult to engage the real issues and so easy to ignite fiery resentment. In such a situation, a few minor flareups prompt my epistolary Savonarola to write that *devils* are rushing in where angels fear to tread; and the American bishops cancel a television series that simply presented the alternative views of Catholic theologians without advocating any single stand.

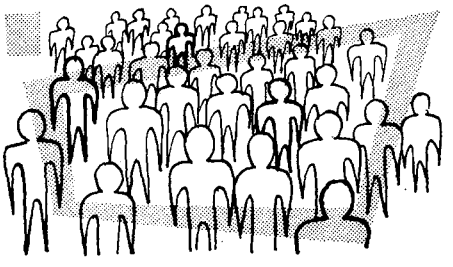
Catholicism vs. Hedonism

As I say, the difficulty is to engage the issue at all, to make minds mesh. In the coming debate, I am afraid that Americans generally must resign themselves to the task of acquiring some knowledge of the structure of Catholic thought. It is true that Catholic authority pronounces with full stringency only on revealed matters or on "natural truths" necessarily related to the revelation. But subsidiary guidance on moral problems is also given by the hierarchy; and this guidance has a binding quality extensively calibrated, ranging from very serious to very light. Such calibrations are easily blurred; the binding force of any teaching by authority is easily exaggerated. This is something the general public has had a taste of with regard to social encyclicals, where cries of "disloyalty" are used by Catholics on other Catholics. The same thing can be expected in the area we are dealing with.

Furthermore, aside from the hierarchic *social* structure of the Catholic teaching enterprise, the *content* of Christian teaching makes for a necessary resistance to change. The Catholic tradition is first of all an act of preservation of the revealed history of salvation; and, arising out of that first duty, it is an act of gradual *penetration* of further meanings contained in the redemptive history left to us in Scripture. The tradition advances, therefore, as a continued meditation on a set of events symbolic in themselves, and recorded in the further symbols of biblical style, and transmitted through the witness of many different ages (each using its own symbolic equipment of transmission). This means that Catholic thought involves an endless retracing of different strands in the traditional teaching. These strands unite and intertwine, and their entire force cannot be felt if isolated issues are dealt with. The economy of revelation must be considered as a whole; separate moral insights attain validity only as enunciated within this economy, as emerging out of a large and providential pattern, as interdependent with many other moral truths.

Obviously, this kind of consideration, spanning the centuries and using many different languages, is moral and ascetic and mystical as well as "philosophical" in the narrow sense. When a Christian school—the Augustinian, for instance, or the Thomist —moves some of the teaching out of its theological sphere and into a philosophic isolation, certain kinds of precision are achieved; but the entire effort must be resubmitted to the tradition, which has been formulated in the vocabulary of different ages and different schools without becoming identified with any one of them. Christian thinking develops, as Newman argued, not syllogistically but historically, by a reliving of the redemptive history in new eras.

At this point, impatient reader, you have a perfect right to your impatience. What has all this to do with the countdown on living-space? The clock is ticking, humanity is silting up on every continent, while I indulge in a theological revery. Yet it is just my point that these considerations are acutely relevant to the problem of engaging Catholics in a discussion of birth control. It is the most practical thing in the world to understand the sources of Catholic resistance to the general position of modern Americans and Europeans on contraception. Anything that has been part of the Catholic teaching or experience will not lightly be extruded from its place in that tenacious texture. And, whatever its technical status, the ban on contraceptives is clearly a large part of the Christian experience in modern times—(until *very* recent times, of Protestant as well as Catholic experience). Any religious norm that has worked itself into such a position has been related to the spiritual life in a thousand ways. This is especially true of a teaching with the obvious ascetic and social and familial repercussions of the ban on contraceptives. The large family had become a kind of badge of the Catholic faith; in a sense, it had its martyrs. An important indictment was issued by many of those holding this position: the rooted family, the view of love as creative and outgoing, is in grating conflict today with a hedonism that depends upon divorce, upon the total mobility (and separability) of individuals, upon the destruction of woman's unique role and dignity, upon the devaluation of the child to the level of an anchor impeding that essential state of *drift* that contemporary man lives in and for.



Teaching Stems Atomization

Of course, many people have stood up for the family and for social duty without being Catholic or accepting the Catholic position on birth control; but many Catholics have accepted that teaching precisely as the point from which to oppose the atomistic tendencies of our time, and their moral resistance to the world has been a courageous and corrective one. Whatever can be said against large families, there are spiritual values that were customarily demanded and expressed in them; and we must not be foolishly confident that we will keep the values while dismissing their old matrix. It would be faddism to reject the entire Christian witness involved in the position of many Churches on this

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subject, or to mock those who have upheld it (often at great personal cost, or by extraordinary sacrifice).

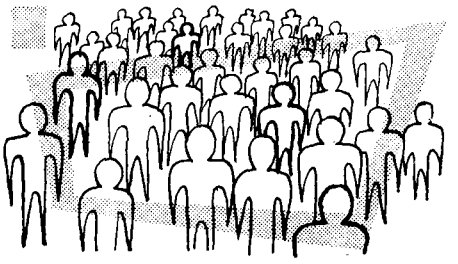
As I say, these considerations all have tremendous weight in a moral-theological tradition; but they are bound to seem irrelevant to the man who wants to win a vote for the public dispersion of condoms or pills without being subjected to a course in Catholic theology. To him, it will seem that Catholics are evading the issue or talking about five other things when he only wants to talk about point x or y. Sometimes, of course, they *will* be evading the issue; but at other times they will be engaging it at the points that are most vital to them, however tenuously connected they may seem to others.

Papal Authority Strong Concern

What, specifically, will Catholics be thinking about as the public debate over birth control advances? Let me list some of the concerns, valid and invalid, moving from the most serious to the most trivial:

1. The preservation of authority, of the purity of doctrine, is obviously the prime concern of Catholic teaching authority as such. As a Christian, as a priest, as a man, a Pope will have concerns more humane and pastoral. But as a teacher he must keep the large symbolic revelation to man from becoming amorphous at its few points of fixity. Theologians must give him the instruments for maintaining this permanence of tradition. They, too, have a discipline not co-terminous with their own spiritual concerns. For such men, any change in the position on birth control touches the subject of ecclesiastical authority at its most sensitive points—the authority of the Pope, and the authority of bishops.

There is no *ex cathedra* (infallible) papal pronouncement on the subject of contraceptives, but there are some very strong papal directives, including Pius XI's encyclical *Casti Connubii* (1930), which condemns "any use whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated in its natural power to generate life." The statement is, in its form, as solemn as anything to be found in encyclicals, and, since encyclicals have recently become popular, and great emphasis



has effectively been put on their importance, it would disturb many to depart from this strongest papal teaching short of *ex cathedra* pronouncement. Others remark that it *is* short of infallible (and that this distinction has to *mean* something); that many past bulls and decrees of equal weightiness proved in time to be non-essential parts of the tradition; that the scriptural argument adduced in the encyclical is based on a misunderstanding of the Onan story; and that Church authority itself moved away from the strict interpretation of the encyclical when Pius XII approved the practice of "rhythm," which is certainly a deliberate attempt to use matrimony in such a way as to frustrate the individual sex act of its generative consequences.

2. The other area of authority affected by changes in the birth-control position is the *magisterium* (teaching office) of bishops. This *magisterium* is usually divided into "extraordinary" (pronouncements of the episcopal college assembled in a Council) and "ordinary" (the consensus of bishops exercising their teaching role around the globe). There has been no extraordinary teaching on the subject of birth control; but clearly the normal position of the majority of bishops has for some time been one of opposition to the use of contraceptives. The tricky point here is that, although the Pope's ordinary teaching is not infallible, the ordinary teaching of the bishops is considered to be that of the Church itself, and therefore certain. Since this is a time when the idea of "collegiality" is being emphasized by theologians in order to counter the "papalism" of Vatican I, a consideration of the birth-control problem carries us into the whole tortured question of collegial authority. Is the question settled by the infallible consensus of the bishops in union with their head (Pius XI in his encyclical, Pius XII in various addresses)?

Those who think the question is *not* settled point out that a teaching of the *magisterium* cannot be casual. It must be considered, framed solemnly, and addressed precisely to the issue of *the magisterial weight to be given* a certain doctrine. A Pope, for example, must intend and say that he is pronouncing solemnly in order to do so. Some partial equivalent of this must exist when bishops form an infallible teaching, even of the "ordinary" sort. Otherwise, the unquestioned assumptions of any age would all become infallible by the fact that a majority of bishops hold them. These men point out that the conditions for conscious formulation of a magisterial teaching did not exist in the period of episcopal condemnation of contraceptives. For one thing, collegiality as a concept *was* in eclipse; most bishops were not exercising their own authority in conjunction with the Pope's, reaching a consensus after independent consideration; but simply relaying the Pope's instructions according to the papalist concepts of Vatican I. Furthermore, the challenge to the common position had not been framed in such a way that the response of authority was a reflective one based on thorough discussion. Yet formal definition comes in almost all cases as an answer to debate that presents the whole range of problems—again, to distinguish the ordinary magisterium from simple, unchallenged, widespread assumptions. And debate of the subtlety required for this problem is only now getting under way. In short, even the "ordinary teaching" of the bishops is obviously something more conscious and solemn than "common opinion." Otherwise a thousand questions treated as open to dispute would have been settled long ago by the homilies of a majority of the college.

3. Another concern of Catholics is with the concept of creation as good in itself and bearing traces of the Creator's intentions. This doctrine is, at its vital sources, a scriptural one; but Thomist theologians have framed the concept in philosophic terms drawn largely from Cicero's reporting of the Stoic arguments for a "natural law" in the universe. Thus anyone trying to understand the Catholic position on birth control must advert to the fact that there is

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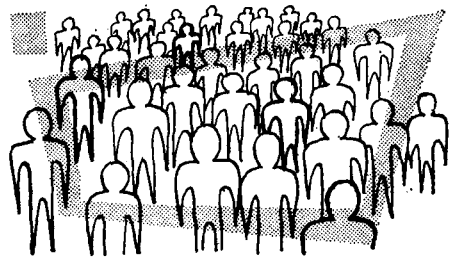
a ticklish debate in progress over the various meanings of the term "natural law."

Put in its simplest terms, the Catholic argument has been this. The sex act is functional: it has its place in an amazing concatenation of physical processes that cooperate to produce a child. It has a *natural* purpose; and entirely to frustrate that purpose would be to go counter to the will of nature's Creator.

In its broad terms, all Catholic thinkers accept this position, though they would give different theoretical underpinnings to it and debate the meaning of terms like "*entirely* to frustrate." Disagreement begins with the application of this abstract rule to real situations. For instance, though procreation is the general end of marriage, must it be the specific end of each sex act? Moralists for years, indeed for centuries, held that it must; but a clear line of development has established that it need not be. Once it was considered sinful to have sex relations during pregnancy or after menopause because the act was divorced from conception in such circumstances. The great leap in the development of thought along these lines was the approval of "rhythm," which deliberately plans times when the individual sex act can be separated from procreation—plans it indeed with great care, vast expenditure of time, and skilled use of mechanical paraphernalia (thermometers, sugar tapes, charts). The *expertise* required by this system has even led some to charge that only the educated Catholic can have recourse to this approved method of family control—thus introducing a class distinction into sexual ethics.

Apologists Embarrassed

Since all Catholics now hold that, for good reasons, men can separate the sex act from its consequences (though this was expressly forbidden in *Casti Connubii*) by *temporal* interposition, the question arises whether, for the same good reasons, they may accomplish the same thing, and do it more intelligently and efficiently, by *medico-glandular* interposition (*e.g.*, the pill) or *physical* interposition (*e.g.*, condoms or diaphragms). The answer to this has so far been that in such circumstances



the *end* is not being frustrated (any more than in a successful rhythm scheme), but the very *nature of the act* is violated. Note that this argument from "the integrity of the act" is *not* the argument of Pius XI against frustrating the end of marriage. By their use of the term "integrity" moralists suggest that there is only one natural way to accomplish the sex act; that any other way of doing it is a perversion which, like all perversions, degrades man. Opponents of this position answer that no other physiological process has this ritual untamperability; that it is, in fact, *natural* to man to transcend physical limits by the use of intelligence (otherwise the whole practice of medicine is "unnatural," as Christian Scientists claim) and to turn brute functions to a higher use (otherwise the wine and carefully prepared banquet of good fellowship are "unnatural" and we should all subsist on a tasteless nutritional minimum); that it is characteristic of the human sex act not to be limited only to fertile periods and the necessities of survival but to have a spiritual function as symbolic of married union (so that "rhythm," by making intercourse a cyclic temporal phenomenon, returns human sexuality to the bestial level); that this symbolic function is a sufficient end for the sex act during infertile periods or pregnancy or after menopause; that there is no reason why it should not be a sufficient end when pills or contraceptives are used for the same motives that justify the practice of rhythm; that the only remaining objection to the use of these devices, as opposed to the scientific exploitation of infertile periods, is, in the case of the pill, a tabu about fiddling with the reproductive system (a tabu constantly violated in common medical practice) and, in the case of contraceptives, a tabu about the untamperability of the intercourse process.

This latter tabu has put some priests in the embarrassing position of creating a symbolic *spiritual necessity* for the entrance of semen into the female reproductive system in every act of intercourse—a necessity entirely separate (because of rhythm theory) from the immediate aim of procreation. One Jesuit put it this way in a recent book on the subject: "The woman who uses a diaphragm seals off physically the most intimate part of her body and thus, in symbol, closes the depths of her spirit to her husband." This physical cult of the female pudenda belongs in the textbooks of comparative anthropology. It is magic, and the priest-witchdoctor seems on the verge of prohibiting surgery because it would allow a doctor to penetrate "the depths of a woman's spirit." In fact, by this priest's "symbolic" standard of morality many women practicing rhythm are really married to their sugar-testers.

Intercourse "the Easy Way"?

4. The conventional teaching is that procreation is the chief aim of intercourse, and pleasure a secondary one. Some fear that the separating of the sex act from the immediate possibility (or, as the irreverent might say, the immediate threat) of procreation will remove the pleasure from its subsidiary position. The answer to this is that the "primary-secondary" terminology looks, in a simplistic way conditioned by the cultural milieu of the Church Fathers, at the secondary aim as *sheer* physical pleasure, as an "indulgence," a "concession to concupiscence"; that the sex act, if it is used morally at all, is a human act expressive of love, of the shared joy with which man and woman become "one flesh"; that the marriage act is the natural superlative in the language of love and not simply a biological bribe to make men procreate; that, in this light, the "pleasure" and the procreation are aspects of a single thing. The proponents of the primary-secondary terminology think of the two aims as rivals, and maintain that the secondary aim must be reduced or "kept down" or minimized in all possible ways lest it cancel the "primary." One member of the Pope's study commission on birth control put it this way in a recent public interview. "I can't quite see opening up

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the act to greater love between the husband and wife and making this perhaps the more important end of marriage."

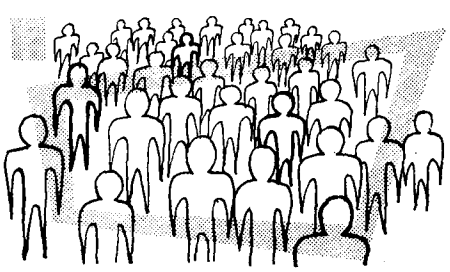
Of course this attitude often masks a feeling that sexual pleasure is not the expression of human love but a rather inhuman concession to man's evil body. This view was deeply imbedded in the works of the early Fathers, especially of the Platonist St. Augustine, and celibate theologians of the middle ages did not have the experience or the will to purge the tradition of these marks of cultural inadequacy. They have not been purged even yet. The current controversy shows, in embarrassing ways, that many Catholics defend the "natural law position" from motives that deny the very basis of the natural law—a belief that nature is good. (*America* magazine ran an article by a man who scorned intercourse as "the easy way" of showing love—and did this precisely in the name of what is "natural." He might as logically have scorned walking as the easy way to exercise the privilege of locomotion and advanced a "natural law" argument for walking on one's hands. This man would never have advocated the forswearing of conversation as an "easy way" of communicating with one's spouse; his argument makes no sense except on the basis of a tacit belief that intercourse is not only "the easy way" but an ignoble way.)

Some Further Considerations

5. Others oppose any discussion of "change," since the suggestion that the Church's teaching on this point is not perfectly formed will lead some Catholics, when they notice that theologians of standing believe the pill or other devices are moral, to follow their own consciences in this matter. The response is to ask whether this is bad. Only those with a frivolous view of "Protestant" belief in the primacy of conscience think that Catholics have made, and will make, and should make decisions in the light of their own conscience as that is informed by all sources, revealed and authoritative and natural. No one has the right to prevent this; what one can do is make the conscience better informed—by all the means open to the reason of man. This, too, is part of the natural law.

6. The close texture of Catholic thought tends, at its best, to make people think in large terms, of the total balance, of the repercussion of any single view upon the spiritual lives of others. It also tends, at its worst, to a partisanship that does not treat issues according to their internal merits. People are for or against things because an Ottaviani or a Küng have taken this side or that. The close fellowship of the Church turns into partisanship, making men decide theological matters on grounds that are primarily political, opposing or approving suggestions on birth control because they are "conservative" or "liberal." This trend should be noticed; but there is no need to dignify it with criticism.

7. Some argue that the social and spiritual consequences of encouraging the small family are undesirable, that this would be an encouragement of "selfishness." In some circumstances this might be true, but these are hardly grounds on which to decide a question of objective morality. Furthermore, the arguments for the large family are historically conditioned. Modern life puts severe demands upon parents and children which sheer *numbers* cannot solve (as they did in the days of hunting and physical struggle with a reluctant environment). In fact numbers add to the problems. Education is no longer a matter of putting a bow and arrow in a child's hand. The aim of marriage is children; not babies (as many as possible), but *children*—nurtured at the breast as well as in the womb, trained in and outside of schools, brought into an arena of severe spiritual challenge at each of those crises that make up the slow, complex maturation of the human animal in our time. The large family—often aided with tutors and nannies—was geared to survival at a different level. The duty toward children is often, today, a duty not to bring more children into a family in which the mother is overburdened already and able to give less than the proper amount of time to each of her offspring. Those Catholic women who are asking for a reconsideration of family life today are not ones who have no children and want none; they are precisely the mothers of children who would be cheated of even minimal attention by the immediate addition of more. In such circumstances, the true aim of marriage is itself the standard that requires parents to limit their families. This *is* marriage-as-procreation. We are not put here to run quantitative fertility races.



Not Simply Question of Food

8. Some argue that to alter one's theological perspective under the pressure of "overpopulation" is to make spiritual values give way to mere physical inconvenience. They say that the demographic problems can be solved by technological means; that the truths of theology should not fluctuate under such vicissitudes; that any inconvenience caused during the lag between physical challenge and technological response must be borne as a testimony to man's superiority over his environment.

But this is not a simple question of finding food. This is a spiritual problem. Man, because he is man, develops skills and needs and demands, spheres of activity and awareness, that are increasingly subtle and complex; and "self-preservation" applies to these spiritual activities just as much as to physical limbs. The generation of life does not stop at the moment of conception or parturition or weaning; it extends to the development of the child's capacity for enjoying a truly human life in the context of humanity's current tasks and aspirations. This is true entirely apart from the physical crowding of the globe or the discovery of new foods.

9. Some argue that a change in the Catholic position on birth control would be a sign of, or would induce, an expanding permissiveness. The exaltation of the value of sex will, they say, lead to premarital intercourse, "petting," masturbation. The devices analysed and permitted will make extra-marital sex "too safe."

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This objection is the least justifiable of those we have considered, and one of the most common. In its essentials, it argues that truth should be suppressed for tactical reasons; that, whatever the force of arguments for or against contraceptives, men should be maintained in a safe ignorance. Adults should close their minds to anything that might cause trouble for tomorrow's adolescents. Admittedly, thinking is a dangerous occupation. But those who use arguments like these are not only trying to spare others the risks involved; they have forsworn the hazardous enterprise themselves.

The nine headings under which I have arranged a sampling of Catholic concerns are of course somewhat arbitrary. They could easily be doubled, rearranged, reduced to more basic matters. But these seem to me the most frequently proposed matters of debate, put in the terms that most often recur. Different Catholics, in different circumstances, will oppose new ideas on the end of marriage as a threat to the Pope's authority, or to that of bishops; as an offense against the natural law; as hedonistic, permissive, even "left-wing"; as a substitution of selfishness for the spirit of sacrifice, or a premature concession to social difficulties. I think it must be clear by now where my sympathies are in all these questions. But I also want to make it clear that these are serious questions, with serious arguments on either side, and deep spiritual consequences resting on the decision. The decision should not be rushed; and those outside the Church should muster whatever sympathies they can while advancing the political and social claims the modern world can and must make upon the family.

For this is not a theological problem only. It is a civil-social one—a fact that cuts two ways. We have given the state great responsibility for the social welfare of those brought into the world but unable to support themselves. Under increasing pressure, the state is bound to counter this with demands for responsibility to *it*. The temptation to use means like sterilization to punish the "indiscriminately fertile" will become severe. In such circumstances, the boasted Liberal tolerance of individual conscience will have to prove itself under fire. Catholics and others who refuse to use contraceptives, to submit to sterilization, to accept a eugenics code (or quota) dictated by the state, *must* have their freedom guaranteed, even if this slows down the dreams of social planners.

On the other hand, Catholics must not try to inflict their code on others (as they have in the past). The right of conscientious objection is not the same as license for sabotage. The rights of minorities should be protected; but so should the rights of majorities. The social processes formulated by the many should be neither imposed on the few nor frustrated by the few. Furthermore, though others are bound to respect the freedom of Catholics in this area, they have a right to demand a full and candid discussion of Catholic citizens' attitudes toward every aspect of the controversy. The rights of minorities cannot be recognized unless the extent of their claim is made clear. Catholics as citizens can act to maintain their moral freedom in this area; and they must, as citizens, make clear to their fellow Americans the limits they place upon their exceptional stand *vis-à-vis* the rest of our society. This means, I believe, that there must be fewer secret commissions, fewer canceled TV shows, fewer Catholic attacks upon those who would discuss this question outside the Curia or the chancery. ▽

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Letters from Germany

Cooling Franco-German Relations

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

A wave of pessimism is sweeping German public opinion on relations between the Federal Republic and France, relations which only two years ago seemed the solid rock on which the Europe of tomorrow could have built. Regardless of whether or not this Europe would have been a "Europe of Fatherlands" or a "United States of Europe," the vision is today as popular as it was yesterday — witness the numerous motorists sporting a privately issued international marker, a large EU (*Europe Unie,* added in small letters).

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

American Clumsiness Resented

But precisely because the dream persists, the ire of the average German is directed against the man who is generally considered the greatest menace to this vision—de Gaulle. Indeed, the number of his German admirers is decreasing so rapidly that all the talk about *die deutschen Gaullisten* has entirely disappeared from the press. It would be an error to think, however, that de Gaulle is being blamed unilaterally. The General's stubborness is partly attributed to American mistakes in handling this difficult and peculiar man and certain Germans agree with his opinion that the United States is insufficiently committed to an atomic counterblow if the Soviets were to make a surprise attack on Europe. Fears are also expressed that the United States, heavily engaged in Southeast Asia, might make a deal with the USSR at the expense of Germany. Rarely articulated in the press, this fear constantly crops up in various newsletters and information sheets. There are those, too, who criticize Chancellor Erhard and Foreign Minister Schröder. In public opinion polls Erhard has been running a poor second to Adenauer (whose popularity is again on the rise), and criticism of Schröder has been even more vocal. In an age of television, however, candidates have to please the women voters who in Germany outnumber the men almost six to five. Here Schröder stacks up as the only "glamor boy" representing the CDU against the FDP's Erich Mende (with the Iron Cross) and the Social Democrats' Willy Brandt.

Ludwig Erhard's political Eros leads him to prefer Britain's chilly embrace to French advances. Last year de Gaulle, during his visit to Bonn, gave a spirited talk full of Gallic flourishes passionately extolling the virtues and advantages of the Franco-German alliance. As the speech wore on, Erhard sat, looking at his watch and chewing his cigar. When it was over he remarked dryly: "We thank the President and conclude our session, adjourning it until tomorrow." This would have been the moment to say something with a little pathos, no matter how meaningless in concrete terms. Erhard, however, proved himself the absolute non-statesman, in a situation which Adenauer would have handled quite differently. This is the reason why de Gaulle, during his visit, insisted on seeing the chairman of the CDU, which Adenauer in his ninetieth year still is.

De Gaulle Goes His Way

Yet to many a German the *Spiritus agens* against the French alliance within the CDU is not so much Erhard, an economist without too concrete a political vision, but Foreign Minister Schröder. He has a Nazi past with which he is repeatedly charged; there is reason to believe that he belonged to the SA (though not to the SS). His doctoral dissertation is another matter of debate. It cannot be found in any of the German universities (where it should have been deposited); it is rumored that his degree is valid but that his dissertation showed such enthusiasm for the regime's ideology in 1934 that it has to be kept under lock and key away from public scrutiny.

Now it is quite true that one ought not to be too severe with the intellectual gyrations a man undergoes at the tender age of 22 or 23, but what bothers the more sophisticated Germans is the argument currently favored in what loosely might be called right-wing CDU circles. France, so the argument runs, could in the future use its atomic capacity (which de Gaulle offers to share with Germany) to exert simultaneous pressure on the Russians and the Americans. If the Russians were to attack militarily, the Franco-German alliance could retaliate immediately with an atomic counterblow. This in itself might not be decisive, but it would force the hand of the Amerimans, who seem more inclined to engage in a process of "escalation" by merely giving tit for tat. This, a number of European experts consider a dangerous psychological strategy—dangerous because it is not a sufficient deterrent to the Soviets, who have to be convinced they will meet with immediate massive atomic retaliation whether they use atomic weapons or not. One must, in other words, threaten them with the loss of what is dearest and most precious to materialists, *i.e.,* life. Communists do not fear fellow materialists of Liberal "persuasion." Anyone who has only "persuasions," as against beliefs, can be terrorized, re-educated, or brainwashed.

In the meantime de Gaulle goes his own way with an air of imperturbability, managing both to inspire and to frighten, to be right and very wrong (as in the case of the Common Market) at the same time. He demonstrates what a big and skilled man can do with a small instrument and, especially, with what impunity he can, at times, overplay his hand. Remember how cleverly Tito performed his balancing act in the early fifties and was able to get aid, comfort, and encouragement from the most unexpected quarters. (Today one wonders how long Tito can keep it up; the performance is becoming

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more subtle, delicate, and perilous every moment.) De Gaulle, however, who also faces an election late in the fall and is more certain of winning it than either Ludwig Erhard or the cocksure Willy Brandt, has to wage "war" on several fronts: on the home front against an increasingly discouraged and confused opposition; within NATO; in Washington; in Moscow and in Peking; in Asia and, last but not least, in Africa. Everywhere he has initiated commitments, spun intrigues, given advice or money, encouraged or demoralized men, groups, associations. In all that he does he has developed astounding skill. And the Germans should remember that a Frenchman, disappointed in love, can prove quite disagreeable.

Ici On Parle Francais

Being genuinely French, de Gaulle will always consider every part of the world where French is spoken a legitimate sphere of influence for France. (Conversely, interventions by anybody in French-speaking areas are highly resented—be it in the former Belgian Congo or Indochina.) De Gaulle probably feels fairly happy about the successful revolt against Ben Bella's regime in Algeria because it proves that in Africa stability without control from Paris cannot be had; and also because Ben Bella was Nasser's man and for de Gaulle Nasser means the Suez Crisis and all it stood for. (To the average Frenchman this is a second Fashoda with Washington in the role of London!) De Gaulle also received Moise Tshombe, and was recently the host of the prime ministers of Malawi and Tanzania, two "emerging nations" certainly not *de l'expression française*. De Gaulle tries to utilize Pan Africanism for his "futuristic" plans and projects. If Africa, he reasons, wants to be united, it needs a common language. This language must be French, and so Africa is now being flooded with French teachers. In Morocco alone there are 3,000 and they are starting to arrive in the former British colonies.

There are various sorts of expansionism: the purely political, the racial, the economic, the cultural-psychological. The French are absolutely committed to number four. It is, however, still impossible to foretell whether their strategy is the best.

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Elections in Wonderland

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

A weird notion is rampant in Germany; that the Germans, having gone through the Black Mass of Nazism, have thereby attained a dispensation from all future discomforts of history. It is as if the Germans (whose recovery from Nazism is much more profound and final than those abroad care to believe) were converted to a political version of their ancient Quietism whereby motion, *any* motion, is considered evil; and the pleasantly tepid climate of prosperity, the only natural circumstance of national existence. Even in Italy, where straight pursuit of happiness remains, in a downright comical fashion, the only proclaimed goal of personal or national politics, a Churchillian appeal to Blood, Sweat and Tears still has a chance if only because of its rhetorical handsomeness. But the Germans are unshakably persuaded that the *status quo* is the natural state of man; and the *status quo* simply equals the current rate of income, employment, and national indignity. Only in this context is it possible to begin to understand the otherwise incomprehensible political attitude of this quite extraordinary people.

In a few weeks (on September 19, to be exact) the Germans will elect their *Bundestag*, and there is not a ripple of political agitation in the land. Not that these elections are unimportant, or that the Germans deny their importance. At issue, domestically, is whether the Social Democrats shall be given power. The vital foreign policy decision facing the West Germans is whether Germany will accept the Ulbricht regime as "the second German state." No German elections, ever, were more important. And all Germans know it. But they remain comfortably petrified, profoundly convinced that nothing must, and therefore nothing will, change.

The central campaign slogan of the German Socialists is, *incredibile dictu*, "Safety first — therefore the German Socialist Party!" ("*Sicher ist sicher—darum SPD!*"); which is like saying, "War is Hell—therefore let's start one!" It is, without a doubt, one of the most blatant non-sequiturs of political sloganeering; and don't for a second assume that Mayor Willy Brandt of West Berlin, the SPD leader, does not know it. On the contrary, his political sophistication has achieved a polish that reflects reality only in surrealistic contortions: The Social Democrats are honestly persuaded that they will attain power by professing their conservatism. And well they may.

Adenauer's party, the Christian Democratic Union, after long brooding and intensive sessions with advertising experts, has come out with the central campaign slogan "Ger-

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many's safety first—therefore CDU!" (*"Deutschlands Sicherheit vor allem—darum CDU!"*) True, this is somewhat less of a non-sequitur. The Christian Democrats are, relatively, the more conservative element in German politics. (If they had wanted to match the Socialist surrealism, they would have to say, "Time for a change—therefore CDU!"). In any case, the Alice-in-Wonderland identity of the two contending election slogans corresponds with the fact that the German voter is expressly told, by both parties, that there is nothing to vote about. So there.

One German who is not playing the game according to Wonderland rules is Walter Ulbricht, head of the East German government. He shot, smack into the cozy idyll of the German elections, an old-fashioned political firecracker—an outlandishly insolent challenge to Allied and West German rights of access to West Berlin. For a whole week recently Communist helicopters flew over West Berlin (for the first time since 1945)—and American forces failed to shoot them down. This was not just another incident in the series mounted to test Western determination in West Berlin. This was aimed at demolishing American commitments in Europe. The Potsdam Agreement explains, in so many words, the presence of Allied troops in Berlin and forbids, among other things, the flying of military (and other) German planes over Berlin. Ulbricht's helicopters were East German military planes. They kept flying over Berlin. Nothing happened to them.

Having scored that first, point, Ulbricht proceeded to challenge several other clauses of the Potsdam Agreement. Under the Agreement, Allied authorities retain sole control of all transportation routes to and from West Berlin. This Ulbricht decided to test. Commercial transports, on reaching the borders of the Communist zone, have been informed that they would henceforth need an Ulbricht okay to proceed. If the Allies (and West Germany) were to accept this stipulation, they would be, *de jure* as well as *de facto,* recognizing the sovereignty of "the second German state." Thus far American military authorities in Germany have not reacted to this blatant provocation.

Action Uber Alles

Have Ulbricht's insolent provocations made an impression on West Germans? You bet they have. But it is not the impression one would have expected in a less Wonderlandish climate. Under normal conditions, any nation so challenged would have insisted on counter-measures. Not the Germans. Rather than engage in a serious foreign policy debate, all parties, government and opposition alike, have turned to the Allies. Immobilists have always craved mobility from others, and the Germans are no exception. They are completely united in the angry demand that the Allies take some action. It is painfully clear that the Germans, government and opposition alike, have neither the will nor the courage to move at all. The question remains; If they *had* the will *and* the courage, would they also have the *room* to move?

I raise this question wherever and whenever I speak to Germans—and I have never violated a more forbidding taboo. For, in statistical fact, West Germany's industrial export to the Communist bloc (mainly, of course, the Ulbricht Zone) in 1964 equaled twice the combined eastbound exports of America, England, France and Italy. The Ulbricht regime lives (and thrives) on West German exports. Were West Germany to stop its commerce with Ulbricht, it would be a catastrophe for East Germany. And, may I add, West Germany would not even endanger its prosperity: its exports to the Zone, although they keep Ulbricht alive, amount to less than 1 per cent of West Germany's annual national product.

But, unquestionably, an embargo, so utterly pratical economically, would inconvenience Germany politically. The *Wunderland* enjoys nothing so thoroughly as the present tepid climate of co-existence—and how can you retain that climate if you stop trading with the enemy? Much easier, by far, to shout for unattainable American action. Above all, *"Sicher ist sicher"* (Safety First).

Forgive Me. I Only Wanted Attention.

Now, stop me if I'm wrong, OK?
But nowadays, the surest way
To be a hero-heroine
Is this: Do some poor fellow in.
No, really! Once your victim's
bled
And, incontestably, he's dead,
You'll find the press will
focus on
Not *that* poor slob—he's dead
and gone—
But you, your fears, your
craziness,
And why you've wound up such a
mess.

W. H. VON DREELE

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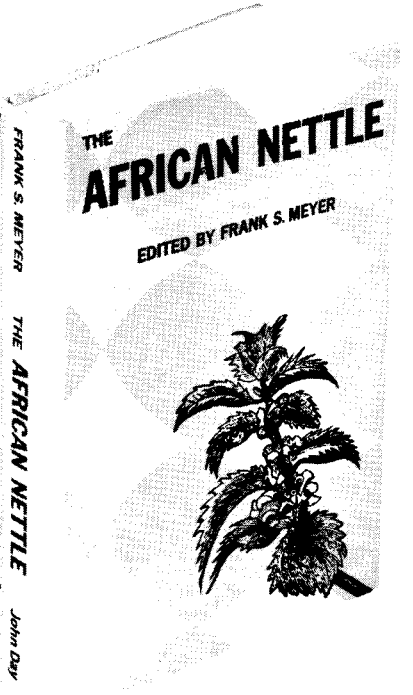

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The Spy Comes into the Drugstore

HUGH KENNER

The best-seller, like the camera, said Wyndham Lewis, cannot lie. Week after week the best-seller lists, installments of a psychic fever-chart, detail the reading-matter a determining number of people feel they must have badly enough to shell out, say, the price of a fix of heroin. And when, like a legalized narcotic, such a book as *The Group* turns up finally in the nation's drugstores, then the best-seller lists, which monitor only hardcover sales, know it no more.

So when John Le Carré's *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold,* after more than a year of best-sellerdom, lingered obstinately among the Top Ten at $4.50 for a full three weeks after the drugstore package had become available at 75¢, the most inexpert diagnostician could guess that some supplementary law was deflecting the normal equilibrium of supply and demand.

This law is easily stated. When a book is available in soft covers, people will continue to pay the hardcover price if they suppose it is Literature they are buying. The difference, in this instance $3.75, is the tribute gullibility pays to rumors of Art.

To account for these rumors is another matter. By the time we have encountered, on p. 14, the construction ". . . three men emerged: Fielder

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, by John Le Carré. Dell, 75¢

as head of counterintelligence, John took over from Mundt as head of facilities, and . . .", we feel sure that Mr. Le Carré's art is not grounded in the structure of English sentences. And "that strata of mankind" (p. 48) leaves one convinced of his lexicographic finesse.

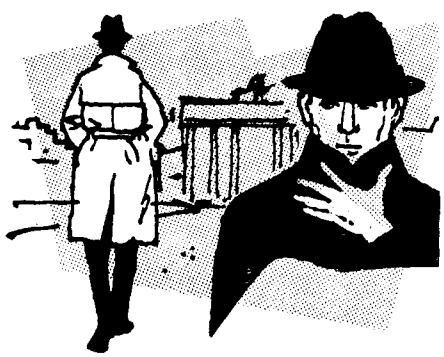
Not the sentence nor the word. The person, perhaps? But persons do not emerge with any particularity from the studied grayness of his predilection. His East Germans are sharp and often sadistic, his Englishmen numb and superficially decent: the stock types of unpretentious thrillers. It was as an unpretentious thriller that he drafted the book, apparently, much as he did its predecessors, *A Call for the Dead* and *A Murder of Quality.*

These three books contain little superfluity; he has none of the skilled pander's instinct for embellishments that will make 5,000 new buyers a week squirm and smack their lips. Irving Shulman could have told him how to milk the scene he has thrown away in ten words (*Spy,* p. 36): "She made him stay that night and they became lovers." But he wouldn't have wanted to learn. His objectives were austere. No one could have been more surprised than Mr. Le Carré when *The Spy* began selling and wouldn't stop. Or more gratified: for he has things to say, and the didact always dreams of an eager hearing.

AND THESE ARE didactic books: thrillers with a message. That is what Anthony Boucher means when he calls *The Spy* "a substantial and penetrating novel of our times." The secret of their success lies in the congeniality of the message. It comes through clearly enough at the end of *A Call for the Dead.* George Smiley, ex-secret-agent, has just shoved into the Thames from a deadly height his wartime collaborator, and lately East German operative, Dieter Frey. Dieter is a spy and a murderer. He had just strangled a woman he had come to distrust, and was on the point of braining a British policeman, when Smiley intervened. But he is accorded his threnody:

"Dieter was dead, and he had killed him. . . . And Dieter had let him do it, and had not fired the gun, had remembered their friendship when Smiley had not. . . . They had met, two friends rejoined, and fought like beasts. Dieter had remembered and Smiley had not. They had come from different hemispheres of the night, from different worlds of thought and conduct. Dieter, mercurial, absolute, had fought to build a civilization. Smiley, rationalistic, protective, had fought to prevent him. 'Oh God,' said Smiley aloud, 'who was then the gentleman. . . ?'"

Dieter, mercurial, absolute, had fought to build a civilization. . . . Transposed into the tongue of reason, this would read, "Dieter, the slippery ideologue, had been busy at the work of eviscerating the West." The trick is to represent him as an old friend whose final allegiance expresses nothing more radical than a specialty of temperament. Smiley's allegiance is likewise an affair of temperament, devoid of either meaning or faith. He



is "rationalistic, protective," that is all.

"Rationalistic, protective" types are comfortable to have around; we accept that designation of our side; but does not the heart go out all the same to the "mercurial," the "absolute," the fiery civilization-builder? How sickening is a cold war, say these books, that sets in lethal combat men whose difference is chiefly an affair of endocrinal balance.

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In *A Call for the Dead* this sentimentality is appended, like a waterbomb hung by a string, to a story of detection. *The Spy who Came in from the Cold* is saturated with it. Leamas, its non-hero, undertakes one last mission, at a time when, having lost too many men, he is expendable anyhow. The mission requires that he defect to East German intelligence as a ploy for getting at a scoundrel named Mundt. He accepts because he has personal reasons for destroying Mundt. "He said there was a job he'd got to do," recalls a girl named Liz. "Someone to pay for something they'd done to a friend of his. I didn't really understand it at all, not really."

The personal motive again, redeeming, in Leamas' mind, a sordid exploit; but his personal motive turns out to be merely an endocrinal *Gestalt* useful to his London superiors, who are trapping Leamas in an elaborate double game. London has no desire to see Mundt destroyed. The odious Mundt happens to be useful to London: he feeds London information. The real mission, Leamas discovers far too late, is to keep Mundt from being destroyed, by encouraging his enemies, the East Berlin apparatus, to overreach themselves. To preserve Mundt, every person who comes in handy must be *used*, and every normal passion. "London won—that's the point. It was a foul, foul operation. But it's paid off, and that's the only rule." London's law of expediency is identical with the Law of the Party. "Mundt is their man; he gives them what they need. That's easy enough to understand, isn't it? Leninism—the expediency of temporary alliances."

Liz, the British-Communist girl who was Leamas' fellow-dupe in the intricate operation, their very amour foreseen by Headquarters, does not comment on this exegesis of Party morality. She only protests that as applied by London it is worse than open war. "It's far more terrible, what they're doing; to find the humanity in people, in me and whoever else they use, to turn it like a weapon in their hands, and use it to hurt and kill."

"Christ Almighty!" Leamas cried. "What else have men done since the world began? I don't believe in anything, don't you see—not even destruction or anarchy. I'm sick, sick of killing but I don't see what else they can do. . . ."

"I don't believe in anything": that turns out to be the message. One can value nothing but immediate human relations: Leamas loves Liz, food is good, bed is warm. Under the narrative intricacies of espionage and politics is concealed the Playboy Philosophy, nothing more, and even that devoid of its jungle allure. For this operation Le Carré's cover story is perfect. He offers us a modest devitalized world, and endorses no libertinage. Yet by contriving the kind of Hard Case that proverbially makes for bad law, and confining us to the universe of the Hard Case, he contrives to render specious every principle of action except the one that carries hot beans to the gullet, or girls to the pallet. ➔

Books Abroad

● T. S. ELIOT: A volume of uncollected essays by T. S. Eliot, now in preparation, will include his first prose book, the anonymous *Ezra Pound, His Metric & Poetry*, published by Alfred Knopf, New York, in November 1917 . . . . Mrs. Eliot preparing a volume of her husband's letters, as authorized in the poet's will . . . . An unpublished final scene of *Sweeney Agonistes* was performed at the "Homage to T. S. Eliot" at the Globe Theatre, London on June 13.

● DANTE'S BIRTHDAY: St. John Perse among the poets, scholars and critics from many parts of the world now in Italy celebrating at lectures, readings and exhibitions the 700th anniversary of the birth of Dante. Mondadori of Milan is publishing for the occasion the *Opera Omnia*, the first two volumes of which are out . . . . Taking part in Dante conferences in Italy, Austria and Germany is peasant-poet Blasius Marsoner, from S. Incrazio in the German-speaking Italian Tyrol, who has translated the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, and is now translating the *Paradiso*, into four-line *Nibelung* stanzas. . . .

● NR ABROAD: NATIONAL REVIEW'S James Burnham, whose *Suicide of the West* received grudgingly respectful treatment in the *Times Literary Supplement*, continues to command attention in London. "Coriolanus," author of the anti-UN book *The Glass Lie* (London: W. H. Allen), was referred to in *TLS* review as "of the James Burnham school of realists who are concerned to confute and deny the liberal assumptions on which statesmen and public opinion in the democracies proceed."

● PROGRESS CORNER: The 3,000-year-old Bisharin tribe in Egypt is not, it seems, to be denied the benefits of modern civilization. According to Italian archaeologist Boris de Rachewitz, just back from North Africa, the Bisharin, who are mentioned in the ancient Egyptian "List of Kings" in the third millenium B.C., are now in danger of being scattered by the Aswan Dam project. His findings will be published in Italy by Longanesi and an appeal made to the United Nations to save at least part of the tribe. Reason for consternation among archaeologists: the Bisharin preserve many words, customs and rituals of the Ancient Egyptians.

● BREVIORA: Tributes are being paid throughout Austria and Germany to Ludwig von Ficker who is 85 this year. As editor of the Innsbruck literary paper *Der Brenner* (1910-1954) he was far ahead of his time, supporting and publishing, among others, poet Georg Trakl (now being mentioned in the same breath as Rimbaud), and philosopher Thedor Haecker. . . . Jean Genet's *Thief's Journal* to be published in London by Blond. . . . A selection of poems by Robert Frost just published in Italy by Einaudi under the title *Conscenza Della Notte e Altre Poesie*, translator Giovanni Giudici.

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Speaking Up . . .

William F. Rickenbacker, author and senior editor for *National Review*, is currently available for speaking engagements on a variety of topics foremost in the news today. Why not write Catherine Babcock for openings in Mr. Rickenbacker's fall and winter schedule?

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WHEN THE AUTHORS of *Fail Safe* did something similar, there was an immediate uproar about whether their Hard Case was not in fact contrived. There has been no similar discussion of *The Spy* partly because (to protect future purchasers) one conventionally doesn't divulge the plots of thrillers, partly because spies don't talk and ex-spies won't. I have heard of one informed review, from a country where *The Spy* made relatively little splash. It was by a former member of West German intelligence. He said (mildly, I gather) that espionage isn't like that.

Mr. Carré's readers won't care if it isn't. The reassurance they crave he amply provides: reassurance that to what really matters, the immediate satisfaction of modest desire, everything over which men lose sleep is irrelevant: discipline, reason, civilization, guff like all that.

The Reversible Revolution

MARIO LAZO

ALTHOUGH WE HAVE far more unity in the Cuban exile community than ever before, its very size precludes agreement on all issues. On some points, however, we are all in accord, and one of them is that Theodore Draper has produced the most accurate, objective and eloquent writing on the developing Cuban scene. This is fortunate, since we have formidable antagonists like Herbert L. Matthews, who speaks anonymously through the editorial columns of the *New York Times;* the thought of a harsh condemnation of Castro by Matthews would be as incongruous as the thought of Whistler turning against his mother.

Castroism: Theory and Practice, by Theodore Draper. Praeger, $5.95

Castroism: Theory and Practice is a scholarly and notable contribution to the Castro literature and it maintains the high level of the author's acclaimed *Castro's Revolution: Myths and Realities,* easily the best single book on the subject. In his definitive analysis of Castro's mounting economic problems in the third chapter, Draper also touched on the disintegration of the old-line Cuban Communist leadership and perhaps unlocks the secret of Ernesto Che Guevara's absence from the spotlight.

In his earlier book Draper published an exchange of correspondence which devastated Matthews. With equal candor and effect he now tilts with J. William Fulbright. The faint-hearted will find reassurance. "If there is one place in the world where Communism can be 'reversible,' it is Cuba," says Draper, and the logic with which he supports this view is unassailable. So far the Communist empire has always expanded, it has never contracted; the turning of this tide would have incalculable effects on the problems of the world.

IT IS DIFFICULT to find fault with the book. Perhaps its only defect is one of omission. All writers on contemporary Cuba have had difficulty in defining the *nature* of the Revolution. Although Cuba had one of the highest living standards in Latin America in 1957-58, some have called it a "social" revolution. We who lived there know there was no mass demand for social reform. Others have considered it a peasant revolution, or a revolt of the working class, or of the very large middle class. Draper correctly negates these theories. But he is not specific in answering the question, "If it was none of these, what was it?" He calls it a "Déclassé Revolution," in which the charismatic leader establishes almost a mystical relationship with the masses, one that frees him from dependence on any one class. But who brought Castro to power? Who opened the way? Draper does not tell us who were the chief architects of the Cuban disaster.

THE ARCHITECTS of revolution, in my view, were Americans. One was Herbert L. Matthews; another and perhaps the chief architect was a young man, William Wieland, who worked in Havana for the *Havana Post* (which my law firm represented).

In 1941, at the age of 34, when earning an annual salary of $3,120 in private employment, Wieland was appointed to a position in the U.S. State Department with a starting salary of $7,000. According to a Senate subcommittee report, he falsified his job

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application form by omission and his personal history form by direct misstatement; his appointment was made without any security check. He became one of the Department's "experts" on Latin American affairs, Cuban affairs in particular. He had a strong hand in shaping American policy with respect to Cuba both before and after Castro's take-over.

Great quantities of solid intelligence respecting the Communist nature and connections of the Castro movement, of Castro himself, and of his principal lieutenants came to his desk. According to the same Senate subcommittee, he told his friends privately at least as early as 1958 that Castro "is a Communist" and "is surrounded by Commies [and] subject to Communist influences." Yet down to the very last day when Castro stood before the world as a self-proclaimed Marxist there is no record that he ever told his superiors officially what he had told his friends privately. On the contrary, says the subcommittee, he became an active apologist for Fidel Castro, even to the extent of openly contradicting intelligence officers who attempted to brief Dr. Milton Eisenhower respecting Communism in the Castro regime. He had considerable influence with his immediate superior, Roy R. Rubottom Jr., Assistant Secretary of State

for Inter-American Affairs. He had access to full intelligence reports; he briefed ambassadors to Latin American countries; at times he issued press statements for the Department and leaked news to the press.

CASTRO CAME TO POWER when Batista fled Cuba two hours after midnight on December 31, 1958. His administration had been corrupt, as had the two previous Cuban administrations. After his coup of 1952 I never met with him again, but he was not the monster dictator the Liberal American press painted him. During 1958 the State Department took many steps to oust him, despite his pro-Western orientation and his consistent support of the United States in its international policy. The Department suspended the sale of arms, ammunition and replacement parts and refused to deliver armored cars and planes which it had agreed to ship and which had been paid for. It persuaded other governments not to ship arms to Batista and publicized the suspension of arms shipments. It attempted to force Batista to break up an army unit equipped with American weapons, and it maintained friendly contact with Castro representatives and supporters who constantly filled the State Department corridors.

These and other steps were taken under the personal direction of Wieland and Rubottom. They had a devastating psychological effect on the Cuban army, which began to disintegrate in late 1958. They gave a tremendous lift to Castro's tiny rebel force which, as Draper correctly states, was never able to exert sufficient military pressure to bring about Batista's fall. Draper reports that "in the last few months of 1958, the old order disintegrated even before the new forces were ready to take over," but he does not tell us why. He does mention, although without emphasis, that "businessmen and merchants . . . abandoned Batista as soon as they thought they saw signs that the United States wanted to get rid of him."

From Havana, Ambassador Earl E. T. Smith warned the State Department again and again that its policies would only benefit Communism. He recommended at least five plans, including one of my own, for political solutions calling for alternatives to both Batista and Castro. In every case the Department withheld its support, on the basis of "non-intervention." Since Batista did not fall, the Department finally, on December 14, 1958, formally intervened, instructing Ambassador Smith to tell Batista to leave Cuba. →

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On June 18, 1957 Herbert Matthews circulated a memorandum to the publisher and editors of the *New York Times* in which he said "The articles on Fidel Castro . . . which I did in February have literally altered the course of Cuban history." Ambassador Smith later testified: "Senator, we are responsible for bringing Castro to power." And Robert C. Hill, the highly regarded former American Ambassador to Mexico put it this way: "Individuals in the State Department and individuals in the *New York Times* put Castro in power."

No need to search further for the causes of the Cuban Revolution!

Draper points out that the Cuban people, not the exiles, not the United States, represent the principal factor in our struggle for liberation. We should put the internal fight in Cuba in the forefront of our plans, he says, seeking whatever aid we can obtain, but not as the subordinate instruments of U.S. policy. This friendly advice is wholly acceptable, especially in view of the Bay of Pigs adventure. The time has come to turn away from the past and do the things we have to do. The Cubans will bring Castro down, and it is better that his end should come at Cuban hands.

Fiction

The Top is a New Bottom

GUY DAVENPORT

The most idle of man's activities is introspection. He usually does it badly, as he is trapped in the supposition that self-knowledge is the same as self-esteem and ends up writing off his sins as negligible, even if he has found them. Yet he can have self-knowledge thrust upon him, with his sins heading the account and all that he found to be proud of omitted. Such is the satirist's business. Man, for the satirist, is an animal in disgrace with himself and his God. The satirist differs from the theologian and moralist in that he does not cheer up or guide or incite. He merely points out, with damning care to make a tight case, that no matter where man has arrived, the place is thereby under his feet and what he wants is still above; for it is not his status but his nature he needs to change, and that, sighs the satirist, is like the leopard and his spots.

Friedrich Duerrenmatt, the Swiss master of conundrums and ambiguities, writes what any reader knows to be heresy for three-quarters of his novel, though he is merely setting us up for the spill. He shows us a sub-sub-bookkeeper in a firm that manufactures everything from forceps to A Bombs. Archilochos is our hero's name, and his namesake, the first known Greek poet after Homer, was also the first satirist that we know of, a soldier, poet, and nettle-tongued disturber of the peace. The bookkeeping Archilochos is a vegetarian crank, Old New Presbyterian, teetotaler, and mouse. Lo, how his fortunes changed one day! Suffice it to say that he makes Dick Whittington look like a washout. Wealth, happiness, position, beautiful wife: all his within twenty-four hours.

Then we discover that all the incredible benevolence can be traced to the pillars of society, bishop, president, industrial lord, all outdoing each other to pile blessings on Archilochos. Traced further, the benevolence goes back to Archilochos' wife, the city's snazziest whore, whose favors, the pillars hope, will not be suspended after her eccentric marriage to a nobody. This is a bitter but whimsical novel, ultimately weightless in its point, though entertaining to read. As a carefully set trap to insult man's illusions it is not wholly gratuitous.

Flannery O'Connor, who died last August in her thirty-ninth year, had perfected an art of such integrity that she must be placed with Faulkner and Eudora Welty in the highest place among Southern writers. This is a futile evaluation in the world's eyes, for the literature of the South, honored for its imagination, its savagery of emotion, its bewildering and relentless critique of some disaster that it has been incapable of explaining for a century, is an unknown, unread, and almost wholly misunderstood literature. These nine stories, every sentence of which is written from a sense of moral outrage, reflect all over again that the Southern writer is moved by an anguish unknown to the rest of our literature.

Hawthorne and Twain, recoiling from man's lapse into bestiality, were drifting toward the Southerner's view of man in what seems to be a permanent retreat from civilization. For fifty years now the Southern writer has been saying that the South can arrive at nothing but the empty harvest of its own sterility. The South is outrageous. It is like nothing so much as the Old Testament, which, as Voltaire observed, must be true, as people do not tell that kind of lie about themselves. And like the Old Testament, the Southerner's account of the South proceeds, character after character, by insisting that the heights of human grandeur are far too low in the eyes of God. And, for the most part, far too low in the eyes of man.

The denouement of every Southern work of fiction is like Ahab's cry in his garden, when he met the accusing Elijah, *Alas, my enemy, hast thou found me?* For this is a literature without ideas, without politics, or theory. The South is not a place in the sense that France is a place; it is a disaster. What is so confusing is that its literature is not tragic. Tragedy can only appear in a people who have valid signs in their discourse—natural law, gods, norms of honesty, dignity, and so on. The South has none of these. Swift's Ireland, Goya's Spain of 1810, the Russia of Gorky's youth; these are comparable examples of moral emptiness.

Miss O'Connor's title, taken from Père Teilhard de Chardin, is ironic. All that rises does converge, but the

Once A Greek . . ., by Friedrich Duerrenmatt. Knopf, $3.95

Everything That Rises Must Converge, by Flannery O'Connor. Farrar, $4.95

Dog Years, by Günter Grass. Harcourt, $6.95

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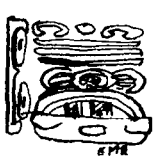
risings she shows us are from such shallow and depressed beginnings that their convergences are merely pitiful. She deals with those tow-haired, razor-blade-eyed Southerners whose names are apt to be Whiflet (or Snops or Turbeyfield or Garnet), a people possessed by religion, whiskey, and self-hatred. In each story we find one of them ensnared and obliterated by the sheer littleness of his own being. It is wrong to place Miss O'Connor (or Faulkner or Eudora Welty) in the Gothic School, however freakish and shocking her themes. The astounding surface of her stories, as wildly grotesque as the best Gothic, is but the visual equivalent of the outrage she feels before a world stupid with selfishness. Not since the decade that gave us Carson McCuller's *Reflections in a Golden Eye* and Eudora Welty's *A Curtain of Green* has the Southern mind been so brilliantly examined.

NOW THAT GUNTER GRASS is advertised as the greatest German novelist since Mann began to write (even critics who can be trusted to have read Herman Broch and Joachin Maas), given a degree by Kenyon College, and displayed in *Life*, we can relax and make a few distinctions. He has, at thirty-seven, written three novels, *The Tin Drum*, *Cat and Mouse*, and *Dog Years*. They are all robust, comic, and strangely sad. The characters are invariably caricatures; the plots teeter on the impossible. Herr Grass is an agile domesticator of other men's inventions, and in a sense what we have in his art is the first public use of the inventions of Dada, Surrealism, and other strenuous developments of the inventions in European writing between the wars.

The three novels are also the same novel told three ways; the same characters keep turning up. His notion of the novel is like that of Dickens, Gogol, and Sterne: rich and sprawling, yet with a discernible architecture, however eccentric. In a time when the novelist is apt to be casting in fiction some bias or illustrative anecdote to house his pet thoughts, it is necessary to say that Grass is primarily a novelist. Ideas and theses are not his meat. He takes ideologies to be madness. The world he has created is his own, with a weather not quite like any other.

It is, as we know it otherwise, Danzig and its chessboard history, its river Vistula, and its heterogeneous peoples. It was to reclaim Danzig that Hitler flattened Poland. The dog years of Grass's title are the Nazi decade, 1935-1945, as they appeared to the Danzigers. Grass constructs every novel so that its bitter cataclysm comes after a long, rich inspection of childhood and adolescence. Imagine a novel by a man the stature of Melville in which Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn grow up to fight on opposite sides of the Civil War, and you have an idea of Grass's theme. His adolescents grow up to face each other as Jew and Nazi.

The Nazi is Walter Matern; the Jew is Edouard Amsel; and there is a third character, a *Schäferhund* named Prinz. These identities, however, are the gifts of vicissitude. Matern is a recalcitrant Nazi from the first, and his vengeance upon Nazidom once the war is over, upon it and its wives, daughters, and chattels, is one of the most thorough and inspired scourgings in literature. Amsel is an artist, the world's finest constructor of scarecrows, sculptor, and maker of mechanical life-sized heiling Nazis (for which the *Sturmabteilung* knock out his teeth). Prinz is Hitler's dog out of Harras out of Senta-Matern, and Amsel's childhood companion. His desertion from the very bunker in the last hours symbolizes the instinctive turning away from madness that Grass would have had all Germans feel sooner or later. He



is an engaging beast, this dog. There are dog affairs that dogs must do ("Rabbits wrinkle their noses and make me mad," he explains), just as there are inviolate human affairs. The ultimate horror of the totalitarian state is that one's affairs become the state's domain. The gagging point is a matter of the individual. Amsel gagged from the first; Matern too late; Prinz, faithfullest of beasts, at the moment of symbolic exactitude. But one does not read Günter Grass to learn how goose-stepping came into fashion again. His gaze at humanity is unsurprised and unforgiving, and we all stick with an indictment—specially one with never a dull detail—to the last.

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Theater

Repertory In New York

NATHAN COHEN

THE MAGIC WORD in American theater is repertory—the performance of plays in rotation by a resident company, mostly classical plays and preferably in the company's own playhouse. The idea of repertory is in the air, plumped for by the Ford and Rockefeller foundations as necessities in an affluent society, and promoted by such practical demonstrations of it as the Tyrone Guthrie theater in Minneapolis, the Seattle Repertory theater, the San Francisco Actors' Workshop, the Arena theater of Washington, and the touring company —now resident in New York—called the APA (Association of Performing Artists).

In Europe, east and west, repertory is a commonplace, both in the centers and the provinces, but until a few years ago it was virtually unheard of in the United States. Even New York, the traditional pace-setter, drew a blank. And, in a certain sense, still valid, New York did not need repertory. Broadway, accustomed to demanding the best, always tried to staff each production with the leading talent available. In repertory you use the same actors in all the shows, playing different parts. They do the best they can. It does not follow that they are the best for every show they do.

Still, it was a constant reproach to New York's prestige that it should lack a single theater of professional quality doing the great plays of the English language and the European heritage, and that it should have to depend on the vagaries of Off-Broadway to discover the new trends overseas in drama and stagecraft. From the time the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts was conceived, the inclusion of a repertory company was integral to the plan. Officially the company's home, the Vivian Beaumont theater, opens for production in October. But from Jauary 9, 1964, to May 29, 1965, it worked out of the ANTA playhouse in Greenwich Village. This was, quite explicitly, a laboratory in which the company was to adjust itself to the disciplines of working as a permanent group and get used to the intricacies of performing on an open stage.

Such was the theory. What occurred was so catastrophic that the whole concept of a repertory theater in the Lincoln Center complex came within inches of being abandoned altogether. Just about everything went wrong. To begin with, the repertoire. Of the seven plays scheduled, only six were mounted. Of them, three were new—Arthur Miller's *After the Fall* and *Incident at Vichy*, and S. N. Behrman's *But for Whom Charlie*—and all, besides being shoddy stuff, could have been done easily in the commercial theater. A fourth, *Marco Millions*, is one of the least-esteemed critically and most boring theatrically in the Eugene O'Neill canon. Only the fifth and sixth, Middleton's *The Changeling* and Molière's *Tartuffe*, justly belonged in a repertory program, and considering the many good plays New Yorkers never see, even their choice was a puzzle.

Next, the company. All too soon, it was painfully clear that the overwhelming majority were without talent or potential, far below the level of other repertory companies in the country, inferior in many cases to the run-of-the-mill player in a summer stock attraction. A further reason for low morale was the unconcealed dismay of such name performers as Jason Robards and David Wayne, who found themselves doing what they did on Broadway, but for just a fraction of the fee.

THEN, THE PRODUCTION standards. Although the critics wanted to be forebearing, they could not excuse staging so deficient in artistic imagination and so deadly in vocal quality (on the open stage, where scenery is minimal, good speech is paramount). Lending weight to the critical impatience was comparison with the APA, which had come quietly into town as the guest of the Phoenix theater. Its vast superiority, notwithstanding its meager financial and physical resources, and its true repertory nature pointedly showed up the total ineptitude of the Lincoln Center operation.

Everything which ultimately came about—in particular, the resignations of co-producers Elia Kazan and Robert Whitehead — was absolutely predictable. In his heyday, when he literally was his own master and could stage whatever he wanted, the loftiest play to seize Mr. Kazan's fancy was *JB*. He was without experience in any kind of classic, and his knowledge of working with players on a permanent basis did not extend beyond the very restricted premises of the Actors' Studio. Similarly, while Mr. Whitehead was a producer of some taste and discernment by Broadway standards, nothing in his backround indicated competence to govern the affairs of repertory. Inevitably they became lost in the alien atmosphere. Inevitably they chose the wrong plays and the wrong people. They were bound to make every mistake in the book.

So the Greenwich Village period ended in a comic-opera atmosphere of departures, recriminations, panic, and a frantic search for a new artistic chief of state. As its new co-producers, the Lincoln Center repertory theater now has Herbert Blau and Jules Irving, founders of the Actors' Workshop of San Francisco, dedicated repertory men, in every respect their predecessors' antithesis. They have cast out two-thirds of the existing company and have announced as their first presentation for the Vivian Beaumont Theater, *Danton's Death*, a remarkable early nineteenth-century German play about the French Revolution, last performed in New York in the 1930s. There is no guarantee that they will do well. New York is a severe taskmaster. But, at any rate, it is now possible to stop thinking of the Lincoln Center repertory theater as a joke—a joke New York has not found at all to its liking.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE LAST OF THE MANDARINS: DIEM OF VIETNAM, by Anthony T. Bouscaren (Duquesne, $3.95). Here, for once, is a case of "publish or perish" dogma working in favor of learning; *and*, in favor of the conservatives. Professor Bouscaren's concise (174 pp.) Vietnam White Paper *cum* Diem biography is not the usual wordy-windy-woolly product turned out *ad*

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nauseam these days by the academic and foundation presses. Highly readable, and interesting, this 1954-to-November 1963 account of a tortured nation and its selfless, dedicated leader has all the drama and tautness of the journalism from the grand days of American foreign correspondence —the twenties and thirties. It is, in a word, the report that would have been filed by the men of the *New York Times et al* were they not in thrall to the Liberal dogmatism of our day. The lesson that can be learned from this book is the same one that could have been learned from Kubek's account of the China "revolution," Weyl's account of the Cuban "revolution," or for that matter, from a look at contemporary Africa — the deformed child of our democracy-whatever-the-cost policy. Well, the lesson *isn't* being learned, and one is forced to ask, upon closing this eloquent if laconic little book, who will be next? What bastion of civilization will the high priests of "democracy" wreck tomorrow? Any guess will do . . . but while you despair at the onrushing barbarian, you might savor this finely drawn profile in courage.

J. G. CAMPAIGNE JR.

THE WESTERN FRONT: 1914-1918, by John Terraine (Lippincott, $4.95). John Terraine is one of the younger generation of British military analysts who are now proving, with brilliance and vigor, the value of the long view in putting World War I in proper perspective. His present book, a series of short essays written at various periods, is admirably linked up to provide a vista of the great battles on the Western Front which were so costly in blood and so unproductive of military decision. Mr. Terraine devotes much attention to the command-and-control relationships between the British Government and its generals in the field. Americans today—facing the need for clarification of such relationships in our own military policy—will find this book both illuminating and thought-provoking. The author is at his best in analyses of policy makers, in and out of uniform.

G. F. ELIOT

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 621)

thizer. (I'm for states' rights too, Mr. Meyer, but at the cost of a *United* States, strong and effective?)

As for the "myth" of Lincoln's benevolence, what about his letter to Mrs. Bixby? His moderate, conciliatory Reconstruction program? The Gettysburg Address? His Second Inaugural Address, decrying the war-stirred animosities? In other words, how humanitarian should Lincoln have been to appease Mr. Meyer?

Los Angeles, Calif. LAWRENCE SORK JR.

Some conservatives have a Thing on Lincoln, including, unfortunately, my esteemed colleague Mr. Frank Meyer. It is too bad to see the argument burst out of its ghetto ("Lincoln was a relativist," "He didn't understand the Constitution," "He was a poor statesman"—not untenable arguments) to incorporate the charge —suggested, apparently, in Mr. Sprague's book and confirmed in Mr. Meyer's review—that Lincoln was anti-humanitarian. It seems to me that this is worse than mere tendentious ideological revisionism. It comes close to blasphemy to say such a thing about a President whose recorded words preaching love and reconciliation, because of their sublime quality, could not have come except from a pure heart, words which do more even now to inspire lively sentiments of faith, hope and charity than the millions of words and deeds of the little florence nightingales in and out of the world of ideology.

New York, N.Y. WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Antibodies

I thought I'd pass this story along to lift some of the gloom these grim days:

A friend of mine, a Catholic, Democratic politician in Washington, wrote me that his son has gotten himself into a passel of trouble with his pastor. It seems that said son, a university student, was watching a peace-mongering picketing of the White House recently, and the pickets were carrying signs: "Stamp Out War!" "Withdraw from South Vietnam!" "Stamp Out Discrimination!" "Stamp Out Poverty!" "Stamp Out Police Brutality!" And various other Stamp-Outs.

He hied himself home, put on some dirty pants and a dirty shirt and a pair of beach sandals, and lettered himself a placard: "Stamp Out Babies!" Then the humorous young man watched for an opening in the picket line and neatly integrated himself in it. Passersby were instantly caught by the placard and responded according to their convictions, with scowls, mutters of dissent, broad smiles of approval, and with even faint applause, though all had been ignoring the other placards.

The police became aware of this unusual interest and stopped the young man and the picket before him and after him. Was this an authentic picketer? One of the beatniks read the placard through owl-like glasses, considered a moment, then said brightly, "Why, yes, the Population Explosion, you know?" Our young friend then solemnly continued to parade, arousing new interest, new anger, new indignation and new laughter. The laughter was louder than any, to the bewildered consternation of the pickets, a humorless bunch, and to the malicious delight of our young pal.

Unfortunately, one of the good Fathers of the boy's university happened to be passing by and recognized him and was aghast at the placard.

The young man is still explaining.

Buffalo, N.Y. TAYLOR CALDWELL

Election Technology

While you may be already aware of the new card punch and computer count of ballots, I am writing to suggest the method deserves national publicity for several reasons. Central counting of the ballots prevents the more flagrant practice of ballot stuffing and miscounting. It improves chances that the ballots will be available for recount. Counting the ballots is fast, justifying the ruling that no ballots be counted until all ballots from all precincts involved have been officially received at the counting center. Machines cost about 1/10th that of the lever type and can be moved and stored without piano mover expense. More voting machines at same cost of lever type in polling places means better service for the voter.

Chicago, Ill. NEIL S. BOOTH

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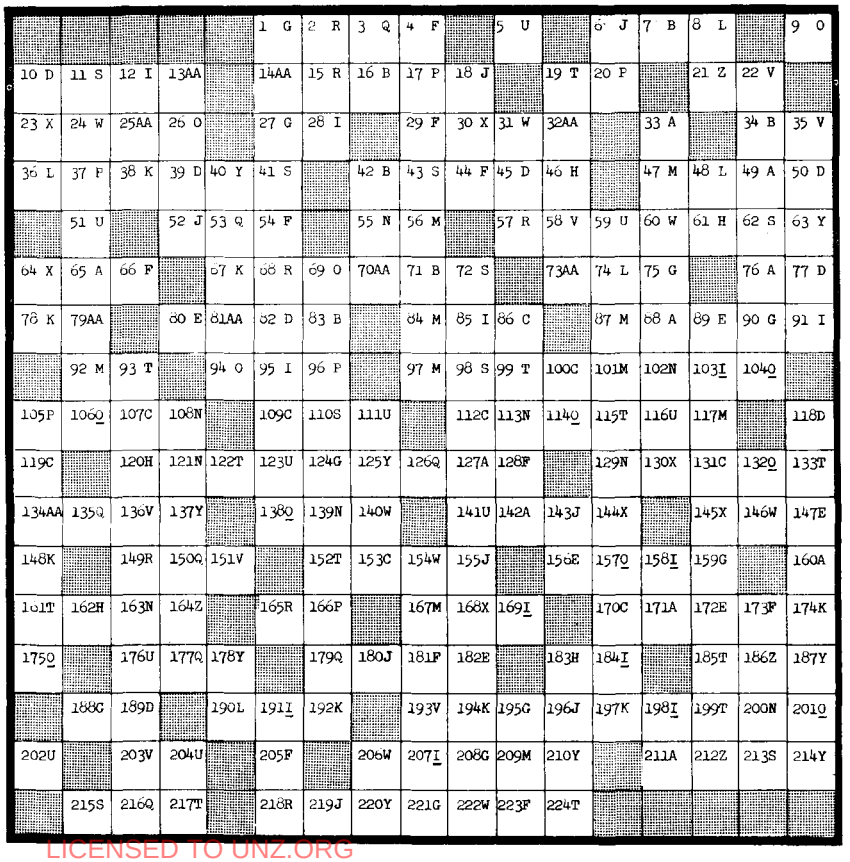
TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. City in Washington (2 wds.)	76 33 49 65 88 160 171 211 127 142
B. Anti-white terrorists (2 wds.)	83 7 16 34 42 71
C. Term related to Wagnerian music (one of two sp.)	107 86 100 109 112 119 131 153 170
D. Character in The Fair Penitent	50 189 118 10 39 45 77 82
E. Where fingerprints are kept (2 wds.)	147 89 80 156 172 182
F. Tree found in Malaysia, Philippines (hyph.; one of two sp.)	66 4 44 54 29 128 173 205 223 181
G. Phrase from the burial service	90 124 75 188 1 159 195 208 221 27
H. Name of German lexicographers—brothers	120 61 162 46 183
I. Phrase from the burial service	198 91 95 184 169 158 28 207 12 85 103 191
J. To recall to the mind of another	219 196 6 18 52 143 155 180
K. One who corrects an abuse	38 192 78 194 67 148 174 197
L. To invest	74 8 36 190 48
M. Type of story for which Collier's paid well (2 wds.)	101 167 56 97 84 209 87 92 117 47
N. Colonizer of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia	113 163 102 200 108 55 121 129 139
O. A railroad and a university	157 201 104 114 138 9 26 69 94 106 132 175
P. Type of African fly	166 17 96 105 20 37
Q. This dance is twice as much fun! (hyph.)	216 177 126 53 150 179 3 135
R. An abstract	2 218 165 149 15 57 68
S. Body of water, California and Nevada (2 wds.)	43 98 213 72 215 62 110 11 41
T. Tsar of Russia (3 wds.)	133 99 122 185 199 115 217 152 19 93 224 162
U. City, S. W. Germany (hyph.)	141 51 123 111 202 176 5 59 116 204
V. Fear, anger, disgust, grief, joy, etc.	151 193 35 136 203 58 22
W. What Yogi Berra was	154 222 206 144 24 31 60 146
X. One who appends	168 23 145 30 130 64 144
Y. Two heads are better than one (hyph.)	178 210 40 214 125 187 220 63 137
Z. State which furnishes tremendous contrast in U. S. senators	186 164 212 21
AA. Of rare quality or elegance	25 13 70 73 79 81 134 14 32

See page 661 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.



DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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For The Record

"I will vote Communist in December," announced Jean-Paul Sartre after the failure of centrist and leftist groups to field a single candidate against de Gaulle. Sartre says any future grouping of the Left in France must include the CP and, indeed, be based on it. . . . Joining the literary peaceniks: author Graham Greene, urging the U.S. to negotiate a settlement in Vietnam with the Vietcong. . . . As-we-live-and-breathe-note: Bertrand Russell, back from a trip to Mozambique, reported that stories about political prisoners in Mozambique are unfounded, that Zanzibar is the Communist nerve center in Africa and that an anti-Communist bloc should be organized to counter Red tactics in Africa.

Behind the polite resignation of Carl Rowan as head of USIA, a bitter intra-agency fight. . . . Since Rowan's application to Washington's exclusive Cosmos Club was turned down a couple of years ago, five other Negroes have quietly been admitted to membership. . . . Not able to get back into Cosmos though: Howard K. Smith and Raymond Swing (of Voice of America) who resigned in protest at time of Rowan incident. . . . Being formed in NY, the Governor's Club (only rich and Liberal Republicans need apply). For annual dues of $500, members will be able to get into "personal communication [with] Governor Rockefeller and other important Republican leaders throughout the state." . . . Elected as a trustee of Americans for Constitutional Action: John Wayne. . . . If the President is really all that concerned about the consensus why doesn't he put the question of repeal of Sect. 14(b) to the people? asks the American Conservative Union. The ACU points out that two major polls (Harris and Gallup) show over 60 per cent of the people for right-to-work. Opinion Research makes sentiment 2 to 1 in favor.

Grand slam for America at Communist-dominated World Peace Congress in Helsinki last week. America fielded the biggest delegation (98 out of a total of 800) and all ten of the reports before the house that were adopted, with the enthusiastic assent of the U.S. delegates, were anti-American. . . . The first Joan Baez summer school, in Sacramento, Cal., now open. It offers Sit-In 11A and Picketing Techniques 11B. . . . Brought up to date and reissued: Suzanne Labin's best-selling 1960 study on "Techniques of Soviet Propaganda" by Senate Internal Security Subcommittee

Tanner—*The Bulletin*, Australia — Ben Roth Agency

"When he says he'll kill us you've got to ask yourself what are the diplomatic nuances in a statement like that."

(over 170,000 copies of original were distributed). . . . First legal attack on LBJ's War on Poverty being brought by POAU (Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State) in protest against use of three Catholic schools in Kansas City for "Operation Head Start" (a program to give under-privileged children pre-school training).

Rent come-on, French style: one Paris realtor is offering apartment seekers 200 bottles of wine when they put their Jean Ancôque on a three-year lease.

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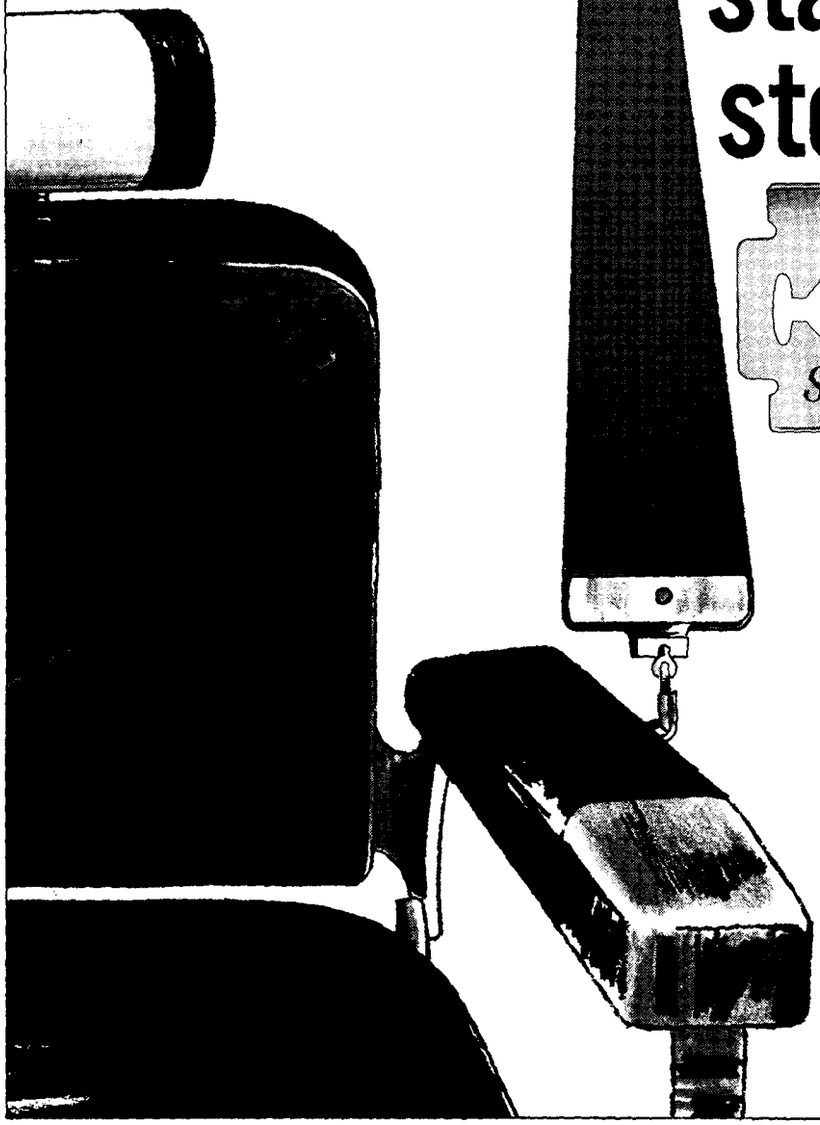
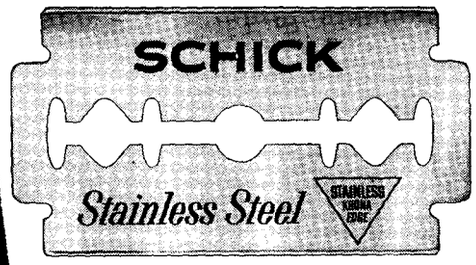
New Improved!

The Schick Thousand Foot Strop improves the stainless steel blade





For new extra smoothness

An extra thousand feet of stropping, in an exclusive machine, has improved this great stainless steel blade. It is smoother, sharper—assures consistent quality blade after blade! Try this new improved Schick Double Edge Blade.

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Enduringly beautiful coffee shop floor is Kentile® Architectural Marbles Vinyl Asbestos Tile. *Colors:* Rheims and York. Note blending of light and dark shadings within each color. Wall Base: White KenCove® Vinyl. Floor design and interior by C. Eugene Stephenson, F.A.I.D.

KENTILE

VINYL FLOORS

Heavy traffic was made for this vinyl floor! Architectural Marbles is another Kentile exclusive style in vinyl asbestos tile. Design flows through the entire thickness of every tile, so beauty lasts and lasts. 9 colors, all greaseproof... comfortable underfoot... easy to maintain... and economically priced. Kentile Dealer? See the Yellow Pages under "Floors," or consult your architect, decorator, or interior designer.

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